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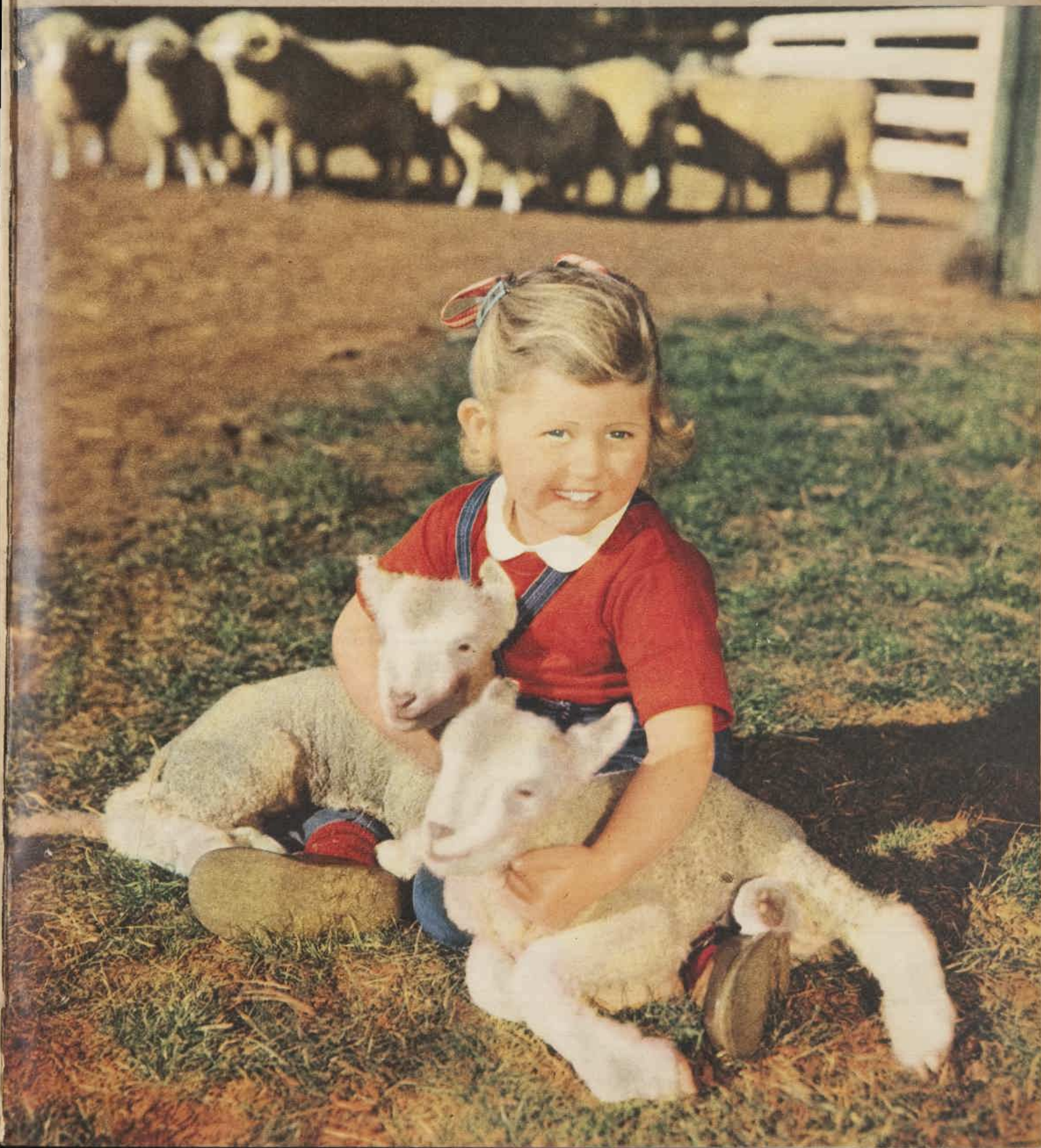
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SEPTEMBER 23, 1953

PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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THE GLORIOUS THREE

By June Wetherell

Emily, widowed and bereft, believed life was finished, and Jim Riley, running from crime, saw nothing in the future. But in the close-knit community of the pioneer settlement, each found a stimulant to fresh effort. Maripose the lovely half breed was Emily's challenge to action, and Riley was soon in the thick of male competition.

Price 15/-
From All Booksellers

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 23, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 17

SHEER STRENGTH FOR NYLONS

MANY women have been complaining of a deterioration in the quality of nylon. They say the stockings they buy now are shorter, more tightly woven, and consequently less elastic, and that this obtains not only for fine hosiery but for thicker "everyday" stockings.

Manufacturers claim—and may claim forever—that nylons are stronger and better made now. They'll never convince any woman who has just sprung a ladder.

The manufacturers are caught on their own assurance that a single nylon thread has many times the strength of the same thickness of steel.

No woman stops to work this out. "Strength of steel," she marvels. And she associates her wispy nylons with the ultimate in steel durability—something like the Sydney Harbor Bridge.

One expert on the stocking subject blames women for not wearing the type of stocking appropriate to the occasion. Keep your sheer hose for parties, he advises.

He may well talk, with his own legs discreetly draped in tubes of natty tweed.

But what woman is going to sacrifice one of her greatest assets?

Legs without stockings are just legs. Put them in some stockings and they're limbs. But sheathe them lovingly with a pair of gossamer nylons, and they're really Legs.

After the stocking-deprived war years, women rushed nylons. They gave their socks, so to speak, to get them.

The nylons have proved to be a nuisance, a worry, and the greatest single expense in any wardrobe.

And what woman can renounce them?

Domestic drama in Kashmir and the Old Dart

Book review by
AINSLIE BAKER

HERE are two very agreeable, competently written novels, each well worth its place on the book list of the woman who enjoys something a little above the "popular novel" level, but who dislikes anything highbrow.

Both are what might rightly be called women's novels.

Those who have enjoyed Rumer Godden's previous stories with their beautiful and exotic Indian settings will be charmed with the Kashmirian background of "Kingfishers Catch Fire."

The widowed Sophie, the central character, whose Aunt Portia so rightly observes "has never learnt the law of cause and effect," against all advice sets up house with her two young children in a remote Kashmir hill-village. Full of illusions, good intentions, and self-deception, Sophie relentlessly drives her household and the village to the edge of tragedy.

Teresa, the plump, heavy, rather slow child, with her pathetic longing for the security of a half-remembered suburban home in England, is a most touching study.

Readers who rejoice in the description of foreign places and customs will find much to please them in Miss Godden's knowledgeable background detail.

Her understanding of the character of native

Our cover:

Our cover girl is four-year-old Jennifer Luke, with two lambs from the Dorset Horn stud of her father, Mr. Ken Luke, at Deepfields, Romsey, Victoria. Mr. Luke is a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria. The Dorset Horn rams in the background are being prepared for the 1953 Royal Melbourne Coronation Show, which is open from September 17 to 26. The picture was taken by staff photographer E. Mann.

Next week:

Of great interest to needlewomen will be details to be announced next week of a new transfer service we are beginning. The transfers will be available at most reasonable cost from our Needlework Department. Each transfer sheet has many motifs and sprays suitable for quick, effective embroidery. For a start we are making available designs suitable for a baby's layette, for table linens, tray-cloths, towels, and curtains, and for children's clothes. Many others are to follow. Accompanying the details of the new service next week are illustrations of some of the designs.

Two of our color features next week both relate to the world of entertainment—one to ballet and the other to the movies. In London the Festival Ballet Company run by Anton Dolin (who toured Australia a couple of times before the war) is presenting "Alice In Wonderland" based on Lewis Carroll's well-loved story for children—and adults. Australian Kenneth Rowell designed the costumes after the original Sir John Tenniel illustrations. This dance version of "Alice" won warm and enthusiastic applause from a sophisticated first-night audience, although its appeal is addressed to the young fry. Our color pictures show it to be most imaginative and amusing.

Our color movie feature is devoted to "The Robe," that much-heralded movie photographed in the new CinemaScope process. "The Robe" is a film dramatisation of the novel by Lloyd C. Douglas, which in its turn is a fictional account of what happened to the Roman soldier who won by gamble the seamless garment worn by the Saviour on Calvary.

peoples and her interest and liking are evident throughout.

But her chief achievement in this book is Sophie herself—a woman who is infinitely infuriating, and yet who time and time again wins the sympathy of the reader.

"Kingfishers Catch Fire" is published by MacMillan. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

ONE of Susan Ertz' special talents is to make the romances of the middle-aged sound both reasonable and dignified.

"The Undefended Gate" is the story of domestic trouble in the mature years of an upper middle-class English marriage.

Sir Walter Chadwick and his wife, Beatrice, are the parents of two just-grown-up children, when a number of unrelated factors suddenly combine to threaten their life together.

Miss Ertz shows a deep sympathy and insight in her handling of the situation between husband and wife, and presents the case for each with commendable fairness.

She has the happy knack of making the men and women in her domestic dramas behave and talk like men and women, and not like people in a book.

"The Undefended Gate" is published by Hodder and Stoughton. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

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TRICKS FOR HUSBANDS



"Don't sit there just wishing—While I'm out you wash the dishes!"



The thought of all that tedious toil Makes Robert's weary brain recoil.



But neighbour Joe resolves the fix By nipping home to get the Trux.



"If you don't know this lark you oughter A teaspoonful right in the water . . ."



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Ladies' Race

By ANNE VERNON

ILLUSTRATED by
BOOTHROYD

HER name was an old office joke. Naturally, Griselda. Patient Griselda. James, when he needed her for something, would often call out, "Where's the patient one? Somebody ask her to get off her monument and come in here."

Griselda didn't mind. She was too used to it. The jest had followed her most of her life, whenever she had found herself among people who liked literary allusions. It was only Ruth who put a sting in it. Ruth, who had a biting tongue, and, so the shop gossip ran, a fond eye for James.

Griselda was afraid of Ruth. Ruth was dashing and competent and could do everything from showing a horse to sailing a boat. Her father had been a renowned yachtsman, her mother a famous horsewoman. That had been Ruth's background, and that was why the firm called "Sports & Co." had been glad to give her a job.

She was, Griselda admitted, a wonderful saleswoman. She could hardly help it. She spoke with authority on the cut of riding breeches, the most suitable clothes for sailing, the necessity of well-fitting ski-boots. She knew what her customers would need—and saw that they bought it.

"She's a terrific success," James said to Griselda, when Ruth had been six months with the firm. "I believe she could sell coats of chain-mail if we happened to have any we wanted to get rid of."

"I'm sure she could," Griselda agreed politely.

They were going through the morning's letters at the time, and two of them happened to be addressed to Ruth. Both contained orders, and the words, "I'm sure you'll know what I want."

"Ask her to come to my office when she can spare a minute, will you?" James said to Griselda.

"Yes," Griselda said, gathering up the letters and her shorthand.

She knew exactly what would happen. Ruth would spend the best part of an hour in James' office drinking tea and chatting. She called it "discussing future policy," Griselda thought bitterly.

Griselda had some reason for her bitterness. For three years now she had been working for James. "Sports & Co." had been in low water when she first arrived and found James new to the business, which had been his father's. He had worked hard to make it the success it now was. And Griselda had worked with him.

Officially she was his secretary, her work entirely in his office. But in moments of crisis she had served in the shop, run errands, interviewed travellers. They were "James" and "Griselda" to each other. They shared bad times and good. A good prelude, Griselda had thought, to another relationship.

And then Ruth had turned up. Ruth with her spirited tongue and her lovely vital face and her dashing air of knowing all about everything. And James had been completely dazzled by her.

Whenever Griselda was alone with James nowadays—which wasn't often—he didn't seem to notice her at all. He had got into the habit of lunching with Ruth at a snack bar across the street. And they generally went home together after work because they lived in the same direction. There was nothing Griselda could do about it.

It was only when James began to talk about taking a holiday that she saw her chance.

"Switzerland," James said. "I haven't had a holiday for ages. But I think I could manage one now. What about you, Ruth?"

"Have I earned one? I haven't been here a year yet."

"Of course you've earned one, don't be silly. We'll make up a party. My brother Bob might go—"

Griselda had brought some letters

for James to sign. She said, "I'd love to go to Switzerland."

"Well, why not?" James said. "You're due for a holiday if anyone is. The shop will tick over for ten days without you, if you coach Miss Brown beforehand. We'll all go."

Ruth said to Griselda, "You'd better come and pick out some clothes, my dear. If you've never been winter-sporting before—"

"I've got my old ones, thanks," Griselda said. "Not up to 'Sports & Co.' standard, perhaps, but perfectly serviceable."

"Oh, then you have been before. I didn't know—"

"I was born in Davos," Griselda said. "My father used to be a doctor at one of the sanatoriums there. I've skied ever since I could walk."

She fancied that Ruth looked a little taken aback.

They went to Davos. It was short notice, of course, and the busiest time of the year. They were lucky to get rooms in a snug little hotel high on the slopes above Davos Platz, whose proprietor had known Griselda as a child. Griselda superstitiously took this as a lucky omen. For once it was she who knew more about something than Ruth.

She enjoyed her knowledge. Enjoyed leading the way to the funicular, saying carelessly, "We'd better do the run down to Wolfgang, I think; and come back on the afternoon train. The Standard's pretty steep and Klosters is a bit far. Better break ourselves in a bit, hadn't we?"

"Just as you say, teacher," said James.

For a moment on the mountain-top outside the funicular station, Griselda forgot Ruth, forgot the misery of watching her with James, and all her fears of the future. This was a world apart, these great snowfields,

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"My arm—I fell and twisted it," the girl greeted Griselda in a frightened voice.



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Lucky Dip

By Humphrey Knight

COMING to a halt, Andrew pointed to an old house with sad windows and worn red brickwork. "Here it is," he announced.

Molly stepped back off the pavement and gazed up at the house. It looked as if it were leaning over and in a year or two might collapse disconsolately into the road.

She pressed her fiance's arm and said hesitantly, "It—it's rather gloomy, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's not so bad. Besides, four-roomed flats these days—one can't afford to be choosy. Come on," said Andrew masterfully, "let's go in. When you actually see the flat you'll change your mind. The rooms are big, and once I've dis-tempered the walls, mended the window-sashes, and painted the woodwork, you won't know the place."

Panting a little, they climbed up four flights of stairs. Then Andrew took out the key proudly, opened the door—there was a partition which made the maisonnette self-contained—and stood back to let Molly enter first.

She walked through the two rooms, peered into melancholy corners, ran a finger along the dust-covered mantelpiece, and couldn't say a word. She only thought: I can't live here. Everything about the place is old. It's not like the beginning of our life together, but the ending of it.

"The house hasn't been lived in for some time," Andrew was explaining. "You see, at first the owners were waiting for the war damage claims to be settled, and then there were delays in getting anyone to do the work—"

"I understand, Andrew."

Andrew winced. He knew at once, from the tone of Molly's voice, that she wasn't impressed. He could see, too, from the line of her mouth, that she was going to take a lot of convincing.

Still, he tried to talk light-heartedly. "There! Our bedroom, with a view over London. And perhaps this smaller room for my study, just to begin with..."

Molly stood quite still. The bedroom, although it had big windows, was even more depressing. The view over London showed on the orrown and dirty tops of roofs half hidden in smoke haze.

"Darling, I couldn't," she said desperately.

"But you mustn't judge by first impressions."

"I'm not. I'd always feel like this about it. Whatever we did to the place it would still be wrong."

Andrew's jaw set. "Might I ask why?"

"The atmosphere, that's all," said Molly simply.

"All? Thousands of people haven't got homes at all. We're lucky enough to find a place, and yet you stupidly want to turn it down for some reason like atmosphere."

"I'm not stupid! It's a very sound reason—"

"Perhaps you know of another half-dozen flats we could look at? Cheap rents, delightful atmosphere, large rooms?"

Molly said furiously, "There's no need to make cheap jibes. If you weren't so insensitive yourself, you'd understand perfectly."

"I do understand. I understand that perhaps you're not as keen to get married as I am."

No sooner had Andrew said the words than he would have given everything to take them back. But it was too late. Molly was glaring at him, her eyes big with anger.

"Perhaps I'm not as keen as I was! Perhaps I've been lucky to discover that the man I was going to marry is selfish and lacking in sympathy!"

Andrew said stiffly, "If that's the way you feel about it, then we're obviously wasting our time."

"Obviously!" Molly said the one word and charged it with fury and temper.

"Right," said Andrew. "I'll take the keys back at once, then."

Without a word Molly turned her back and walked quickly out of the flat. Andrew heard the front door bang loudly. Miserably he locked up the flat.

For a week Andrew was too furious and disappointed to try to make up his quarrel with Molly. But after ten days he telephoned her at her office. There a shock awaited him. A girl's voice, sounding vaguely familiar, said coldly, "I'm sorry, but Miss Lainson is busy all today working for one of the directors."

"Well, will you ask her to telephone me? She knows my number."

There was a slight pause, then the voice said, "She left a message to say that she's likely to be very busy for a long time to come." Then the phone went dead.

Slowly Andrew put down the receiver. He wasn't quite sure whether he felt most angry, hurt, or humiliated. If he could have talked to Molly for ten minutes he knew he could make up their quarrel. But apparently she wasn't going to permit him even that.

He decided he'd ring her mother that evening. Mrs. Lainson would take his part. She approved of the coming marriage and was as anxious as he was—and Molly had been—to see them happily settled in a place of their own. Perhaps over the weekend he could make up the quarrel.

For the rest of that day Andrew tried to concentrate on his work in the Exporters and Importers, where he was building up an excellent position in market research. Then, before tackling Mrs. Lainson, he ate an extremely unappetising meal in a nearby cafe, and went to a phone box. Mrs. Lainson herself answered his ring.

"Mrs. Lainson, it's me—Andrew. Look, is Molly at home? I must speak to her."

"I'm sorry, Andrew, she's not." Mrs. Lainson's voice was kindly but guarded.

"What time will she be back?"

"She's away—"



The most important feature of a home was atmosphere, Molly insisted

"Away? Where? They told me at the office that she was too busy to speak to me—"

"I mean," explained Mrs. Lainson, "that she's staying with friends."

"Could you give me the address? Or the phone number would do."

"Andrew, you had rather a serious quarrel with Molly, didn't you?"

"Yes . . . But it was all very silly and I want to make it up."

There was a long pause and then Mrs. Lainson said wistfully, "I'm sure you do, but I'm afraid Molly doesn't."

Andrew's heart went cold. "But—but it's not final. It was only a row."

"I know, Andrew, and I'm quite certain it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. But at the moment Molly thinks it was a dozen of you. She made me promise faithfully not to tell you where she's gone."

"Is that why she's staying with friends—because of me? Because she thought I'd force my way in to see her at home?"

"I think it is."

"Mrs. Lainson," said Andrew desperately, "you must help me. Tell me where's she gone. I'm longing to see her. You simply must understand—"

"Of course I do. But I did promise. I promised faithfully that I wouldn't tell you she was staying with an aunt—"

"An aunt?"

"Oh, dear! Did I let that slip?"

Andrew's heart began to warm up. Mrs. Lainson was a dear. She was going to help him after all. But it was up to him. He'd have to play the part of prosecuting counsel, and drag the information out of her with cunning questions.

"Is that the aunt I've heard Molly speak of sometimes who's rather eccentric?"

"I have only one sister, you know."

"Of course—but I thought she stayed down on a farm all the year round with her brother?"

"Only through the summer months—from spring to October usually."

"Ah!" said Andrew slyly. "Then she lives in town during the winter?"

"Not exactly in town. Now really, Andrew, you must stop asking me all these questions."

I shall be plunging into deep water in a moment—"

"Water!" shouted Andrew. "Of course. Now I remember. She lives on a barge on the Thames somewhere."

"Andrew, really you're impossible! I never told you a thing about her living on a barge in Chelsea."

"Of course you didn't. I just put two and two together. And I'm going down to the river this very minute."

"Now, Andrew, don't be so impetuous. I absolutely refuse to tell you which barge my sister is living on, and on a dark night you'll never find it. Be sensible and wait until tomorrow, when you can go and look in the afternoon. Now, goodbye, and good luck!"

Andrew replaced the receiver. Perhaps Mrs. Lainson was right. It would be difficult to find an unknown barge in the dark. Tomorrow, after his Saturday morning's work, he'd find Molly.

By lunch time the next day Andrew was so excited, so impatient, that he could not face the idea of lunch. He left the office and jumped on a bus which took him down to the Embankment. In half an hour he was walking by the Thames towards the colony of barges.

It was cold by the river; there had been one of those early spring rainstorms, and the pavements were wet and shining. The air cut through his jacket.

Fifteen minutes' brisk walk brought him to the cluster of barges. They were all dif-

ferent—an old Thames barge, demasted and with a stove-pipe funnel, lay right ahead. Then a Dutch barge, with its blunt bows and curved cabin-top, lay next, and farther down some old landing-craft, looking like very ugly tin boxes, were nudging against each other.

When Andrew reached the first barge, he stopped. Just how did one knock up someone on a boat? he wondered. There were obviously no such things as doorbells or door knockers, and as he had no idea on which barge Miss Masters lived, he would have to make inquiries.

There was a short plank which led on to the deck, so he stepped aboard and looked around. Then he knocked loudly on the hatch, and waited.

He heard a voice growl something, and a pair of broad shoulders topped by a head of white hair came up the ladder.

"What do you want?"

Andrew, taken aback at this rough greeting, said nervously, "I'm extremely sorry to disturb you—"

"Bit late now, isn't it? You have disturbed me. Well, what is it?"

"I'm looking for a Miss Masters. She lives on one of the barges moored here."

"Can't help you. I don't like neighbors, and I make a point of not knowing them. Good day."

The man turned round and clattered below, leaving Andrew feeling first a fool and then very angry. Nevertheless, he walked quickly along to the next boat, and tried again.

This time a woman came up on deck.

"Miss Masters? Yes, she lives on the last boat. It's moored a little farther out than the rest of them. There's a plank running from the quay to the stern of her boat. You can't miss it."

Hurriedly, Andrew set off along the Embankment again. He began to wonder just how Molly would react to his tracking her down. He had to admit that, despite his confidence on the phone to her mother, he was actually a little apprehensive.

There was the barge! Gingerly he started to walk along the plank that led to the deck. At that moment a figure came out of the hatchway. It was Molly.

Andrew waved and shouted. "Molly, darling. It's me!"

Then, as he waved, his feet slipped on the wet plank. Molly swung round. "Andrew," she shouted, "be careful!"

But it was too late. Wildly Andrew thrashed his arms, trying to regain his balance, but the plank had started to bend up and down under his shifting weight. The next second he had fallen into the icy water. Molly screamed. A woman rushed out on deck.

Andrew struck out towards the barge, gulping, hardly able to draw breath with the intense shock of the freezing water.

Frantically Molly flung a rope down to him. It was attached to a ring bolt on the barge. Andrew grabbed it. Pulled by

To page 30

"Be careful!" Molly shouted in alarm as Andrew thrashed his arms, trying vainly to regain his balance.



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BROADHURST

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OUR TRAVEL FUND

A short short story

By NARD JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

“EYEING me thoughtfully, Eunice said, ‘Other people travel, why can’t we?’”

She didn’t say it petulantly. Eunice is never petulant. She didn’t say it wistfully. She was half teasing me, the way she does. At least, that’s what I thought, so I didn’t bother to look up from the Sunday paper.

“Other people travel,” I agreed. “Also, other people live crowded five or six in a room and never get out for a drive on Sundays like we are about to do. Neither of those kinds of people is—or are—us.”

“Don’t be so smug,” Eunice said. “And just because there are people who live six in a room is no reason why we shouldn’t travel. It won’t help them if we don’t. As a matter of fact, don’t we help other people if we do things like going for a trip or a cruise somewhere?”

“My sweet,” I said, “that is the trickle-down theory of economics, and it’s a fallacy.”

Just the same, it is well to be on the alert whenever Eunice begins her particular brand of logic. I put my paper down. “There are only two kinds of people who travel. People who have the money, and people who win quiz contests.”

“The Fairchilds went to New Zealand,” Eunice mentioned.

“So I have heard every time we are with them. So I have seen, too. Why did they have to take their movie camera?”

“It was a present from Betty Fairchild’s aunt,” Eunice explained patiently. Then she said, “Dick Fairchild doesn’t make any more money than you. Betty told me what he makes.”

“Maybe the aunt died. The one who gave them the camera. Maybe they borrowed the money and are still paying it back—out of the groceries.”

It wasn’t quite like Eunice to pursue a thing like this, so I decided to get realistic. “Listen, how much have we got in the bank?”

“About thirty pounds, I think,” said Eunice. The “about” and the “I think” were well-chosen qualifications. Ours is a joint account. Eunice’s subtraction (there is very little addition in our bookkeeping) is somewhat erratic. And my memory is weak about cheques I write in town.

“Thirty pounds,” I said, giving us both the benefit of the doubt. “How do you make a trip to New Zealand or anywhere else out of that much?”

“By putting our minds to it, beginning today, and saving for it.”

“Oh, of course,” I said. Then I

happened to look at Eunice’s profile against the kitchen window. You know how it is when all of a sudden you look at your wife in a certain way and you notice she is tired and a little older?

Try it sometime for a double shock. It gets you because you love her, and it gets you because, also, it reminds you that you are growing no younger yourself.

It made me stop to think what she’d got out of our marriage—besides me, that is. Even with me in the total, it didn’t add up to much. Five years of being a wife, which can mean just about anything and everything. A small flat to clean and some nice wedding silver and dishes to wash. A few clothes for her back. Four annual holidays down the coast where the fishing is wonderful if you like to fish, and Eunice does not. Oh, yes, our honeymoon. Two weeks down the coast.

Eunice had said we could travel if we put our minds to it. My grandfather liked to say that a man can have anything he wants, if it is reasonable. Well, why wasn’t travelling reasonable for Eunice? Why couldn’t I manage it if Dick Fairchild could?

“My sweet,” I declared, “you’re right. We can do it if we put our minds to it. My grandfather believed that, too.”

“You told me he died bankrupt.”

“Eunice, don’t cross me up. Maybe that was what he wanted. How much would it cost to travel somewhere—a really good trip?”

“Betty said they spent a few hundred pounds on their trip, but I don’t believe it.”

“It would be better if we believed her. What’s the difference? We haven’t got it.”

Eunice didn’t pay any attention. “We couldn’t travel anywhere much on less than a hundred and fifty pounds. Not a really good trip.”

“Eunice,” I said, trying to get her landing gear down, “what’s the most we ever had in the bank since we married?”

“About,” said Eunice, “forty pounds, I think. It was just after pay day. Usually on the day before pay day we have about—”

“Don’t. I get frightened at how dangerously we live. I get astonished at how we live at all. Suppose I got sick? Suppose you got sick? Suppose I lost my job? Suppose you were going to have a baby? Suppose . . .” I stopped. I’d forgotten about my grandfather.

“Just how long do you think it

“This is the jar that we’ll put our savings in,” said Eunice, holding up an empty coffee jar with triumph.

would take us to save a hundred and fifty pounds?”

Eunice jumped up from the breakfast table and rummaged in the drawer where she keeps all the things I can never find in the places where they ought to be—like the tweezers that belong in the bathroom cupboard. She came up with a stub of a pencil and a dog-eared memo pad.

“Let’s work it out,” she said.

Well, it’s amazing what you can save every month—on paper. I’ll swear it looked as though we could easily save twelve or fourteen pounds a month by cutting down here and there.

“That just can’t be,” I said. “Why, that would be a hundred and fifty pounds a year. If we could do that we’d be practically rich—in time.”

“We can do it,” Eunice said. “Now the main thing is this: every time you start to buy something—say, like a drink for yourself and a couple of pals, before you catch the five forty-seven—you stop and say, ‘No—our trip!’ Then you come home and put that amount in the jar.”

Eunice hops on to the kitchen stool and brings down an empty coffee jar. “This jar. And every time I start to buy a packet of chocolate or a knick-knack for the flat, I’ll say, ‘No—our trip!’ and do the same thing.”

“Sounds rugged,” I said.

“That’s not all. No shows, no dances, no long drives, no inviting people in for drinks and snacks.”

“No fun.”

“The fun comes on our trip,” said Eunice seriously. “And I’m not so sure it won’t be fun—just seeing what we can get along without. Remember, the first year we were married? We had an awful lot less than now, and we had fun. And I don’t think you really liked to scrounge and pinch pennies.”

“I was crazy about it,” I said, pulling Eunice on to my lap, “and I still am.”

I know you won’t believe me, but we began to save money. I wouldn’t tell you that it piled up or anything like that. It was hard to get started and the first month it wasn’t much. But pretty soon we began to get the hang of it and make a game of it. I told Gordon about it, over a couple of drinks we decided not to have.

“Yes,” Gordon said. “I know what you mean. When Janet was going to have the baby we got a little scared and began to cut down and watch things—and do you know when the kid came we could pay the doctor’s bill and part of the hospital bill? You could have knocked me down with a feather. But there has to be an objective. A trip probably isn’t as good as a baby, but it will do.”

Gordon was right. In ten months we had almost eighty pounds in our travel fund and I began to feel positively guilty. Then right out of the blue, I got a rise and a twenty-pound bonus. A man has no money, and no money comes along. He has a little money, and here comes some more.

That night I got out all our travel folders. I brought them home and put them on the living-room table with the bonus money.

“My sweet,” I said, “better start packing because we’re practically leaving at once.”

Eunice looked at the gaudy travel folders and the bonus money, and she sat down slowly. She didn’t say anything, just sat down slowly. I sat down, too, on the other side of the table, with my hat and overcoat still on. Pretty soon I said, “What’s the matter, Eunice?”

She looked rather as if she was going to cry. “Eunice,” I said, “you don’t want to go now, do you?”

She shook her head. “No.” Then she looked up at me and in a kind of dream said, “We could, though,

couldn’t we?” She picked up one of the travel folders and looked at it. She didn’t open it up, but looked at the cover. Then she said, “Do you want to go?” and all of a sudden, I realised I didn’t much want to go now.

“Well,” I said, stalling, “it’s quite nice where we are. And we don’t need to go travelling. We could do a lot of things. We could get you some nice new clothes. We could make a down payment on a new car. We—why, golly—we could even afford a baby, like Gordon was saying.”

Eunice didn’t say anything for a minute, but there was something funny in her eyes that I had never seen there before now. Then, when she did speak, all she said was, “Just because the Fairchilds liked travelling is no reason why we’d like it, is it?”

I got up from the table. “No,” I said, “it is not. Have you started dinner yet?”

“Yes.” “Then turn off the stove and paint your lovely face. We’re going out to dinner and then to a show.”

Eunice made a little sound of protest. “Now, just because we have a little ahead, let’s not start spending it.”

“Don’t you worry,” I said. “We have plans.”

We had a nice dinner and then we went out to the pictures. There was a technicolor picture of the Barrier Reef. It was better, really, than being there because Eunice and I were happy where we were, sitting in our local picture show.

I don’t remember what the feature picture was. I don’t know that either of us saw or heard much of it. It was a lot more exciting that we could make plans and then change them all around—any old way we wanted, almost.

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The Romance of Mr. Menafee

IF TEN, through the years, Henry Menafee wondered what would have happened, how differently events might have shaped themselves, had he resisted the impulse that bright October afternoon to attend the performance of the little travelling caravan circus that had pitched its battered tents close to the walls of the city of Chester, on the dark meadows beside the river Dee.

Certainly, his meeting with Peter was inevitable. Even while Menafee was closeted with his solicitor in Chester that morning on a matter concerning Chisholm Manor School of which he was co-proprietor and headmaster, forces had already been set in motion.

Mr. Bothenford probably was already on his way to the school by the time Menafee emerged from his business call and mounted his bicycle for the return trip.

Had Menafee chosen another road, had the hour been earlier or later, had his mood been different, his thoughts

not been fired by his recent finding of the little age-greened statuette, digging about the site of the old Roman encampment of the Valeria Victrix, had he, in short, returned straight home, matters might have turned out differently. Indeed . . .

But always, when he indulged in these speculations, there was the fact to cut them short. He had gone to the circus, like any small boy stealing away from his duties.

It was in a way a quite lonely and somewhat pathetic little circus when one considered the stridency and claims of the colored sheets advertising its advent and proclaiming its magnificence. It had mushroomed from the plain that morning between the time that Menafee had passed, going to the city, and his return. The main tent was a small, grey pudding of shabby canvas topped by frayed pennons.

A flamboyant sign at the roadside called attention to HARRY WILL'S MAMMOTH CARAVAN CIRCUS

and an arrow pointed towards the entrance that was engulfing a steady stream of citizens with their eager children.

From behind the tent came the chunking of a small petrol engine and some kind of mechanical organ was rendering a popular tune with wheezy groans. In the crisp air warmed by October sunshine was the mingled scent of trampled grass, horses, and sweet-meats.

This was the scene that met the eyes of Henry Menafee as he pedalled homewards. Hunched over the handlebars, he was somewhat a figure out of the time of Dickens, frail and spare though not yet middle-aged, his head seemingly held in place by the starched white collar he wore in deference to his calling.

His forehead was high and pale, his face fallow, yet not unhealthy. It was book rather than blood nourished, and drained by the long daily routine of teaching and administering discipline. He had the kindly, sympathetic eyes of a dreamer.

This radiant boy, riding free and fearless on the girl's shoulders, seemed the living epitome of Pan to Menafee's enchanted eyes.



Appealing new two-part serial by PAUL GALLICO

Slowed down by the crowds wending their way to the performance, Menafée halted, one thin leg touching the ground, and gazed for a moment at the lively scene. From the direction of the tent came the stentorian cry of the announcer—

"Hurry, one and all. The performance is about to begin."

There was an urgency about the voice and the admonition that found a response in Menafée almost before he realised it. He felt quite suddenly impelled to heed it. He said to himself: "By Jove, I've never in all my life been to a circus . . ."

Not had he. Or to much else for that matter, beyond his books and his studies. Much of Menafée's youth had been constrained by ill health. Books had been his compensation, scholarship his attainment. He was a classicist, a student and teacher of Greek and Latin, and a lonely man.

All his life it seemed that Henry Menafée had been peering, like a house-dweller through doors half ajar, at beauty; gazing hungrily through the dusty windows of ancient literatures at the splendours of the pagan centuries. He was a dreamer and a yearner who sought escape from bonds that had been put upon him almost without his knowing.

"Hurry, hurry! The artists are assembling for the grand entry!"

Inexplicably the front wheel of his bicycle bent inwards towards the tent. What harm could there be in going?

It was such a brave little circus, still wandering gallantly, horse-drawn, gipsying up and down the highways and byways of Eng-

land. Its voice was modern and brassy, but its roots were pagan and it called to him.

He thought of Agnes, his wife, and the endless explanations his absence would entail and again his lead wheel and handlebars pointed grimly down the high road to Eccleston Village and Chisholm Manor School.

Menafée shifted his weight to set himself in motion and something hard slapped against his side and he was reminded once again of the curious mood that had been upon him ever since he had found the object. His long fingers slipped into his side pocket and wandered over the little statuette, feeling again the smooth, soft, age-worn contours. And he did not ride on.

He had found it not long ago, poking about the excavations in the Deanery Field. It was a palm-long bronze figurine of young Pan, four-legged, impudently grinning, vital, its grace and eerie beauty shining through the mouldy green of centuries.

To his cramped, starved being it had come as a gift from the past, an omen, a whisper down the long, dark corridors of time: "Take courage! Pan is not dead!"

It had been his constant companion ever since he had found it and with it seemed to go a curious kind of excitement, a secret stirring deep within him. The touch of the talisman sent a little shudder of courage through him. It was as though the contact had helped him to see clearly that the question of whether or not he yielded to the impulse to go concerned no one but himself.

"It might be rather fun," he said and trundled his bike in to the entrance, parked

it for a threepenny bit, and purchased a two-shilling ticket. He found his seat half-way up in the arena just as the performance began.

Henry Menafée, gazing down upon the men and women who rode, tumbled, whirled, spun, and leaped through their acts, found himself looking upon such human beauty and splendor, such exquisite symmetry of grace and body as he would not have dreamed existed outside the Golden Ages of Greece when beauty was Divinity.

Here, suddenly, on this oddly stolen holiday beneath the grey billowing tent, it was as though the door which for so long had been no more than ajar had been flung wide and enabled him to step into a world that had been but dreams.

Here for the first time in his life, Menafée heard people massed together in banked tiers shouting with laughter. He was overwhelmed by the deep, heart-warming rumble, colored by the overtones of shrieks and cries and little screams of delight as a thousand hearts leaped with joy at the simple buffooneries of white-faced clowns and simples, performing idiocies whose origins stemmed far beyond the written pages of history.

A fool in tramp's clothing, a bristling red wig and scarlet face ran around the arena, closely pursued by a stuffed crocodile that had been fastened to his rear with fine wire.

It was but a flash to cover the momentary preparation for another act, but as he fled around the ring in a frantic but futile attempt to elude the monster pursuing, looking back miserably to find it ever at his

heels, he swept the circular ranks of spectators with spreading laughter, kindling each section one by one as he went by.

Even as Menafée's intellect recognised the classic verity in which the act was rooted, the ancient comedy of pursuit, his senses reacted to the absurdity of the sight and he shouted with laughter like the rest. He thought to himself—how simple and yet how wonderful to make people laugh as I am laughing.

For the minute he became a child, moved, enchanted, hemmed in by other children's shoulder to shoulder, swaying when they swayed, receiving from them the vibration of their ecstasy. These were no longer men and women who flashed from trapeze and bar, but pagan gods, the ancients from Olympus, fauns and dryads leaping and tumbling through the sacred groves.

And now, for Menafée, the dream appeared to approach its climax as into the arena poured yet another troupe of divinities in gleaming white and silver with steeds of purest cream to turn the enchanted circle into a magic pool of light and rippling rhythm.

There were six, three men, three girls, presided over by Jupiter himself in top hat and tails and Juno, his consort, in

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ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1933

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From a banker's diary

Thursday: Opened a cheque account for newlywed Mrs. [redacted] who wishes to simplify her house-keeping and keep a record of expenses.



The business of running a home

Starting a new life, this young housewife was rightly determined to carry the tried and proven principles of business into her home. Paying butcher, baker, milkman, and grocer, insurance, and all other expenses will be so much easier by cheque. Cheque books and bank statements will provide a permanent record of expenditure.

I know she will find her cheque account very useful, not only now, but right through her married life.

You, too, should consult and use—

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Continuing

The Romance of Mr. Menafee

from page 9

spanned evening gown. "The Riding Tigris," the ringmaster had announced, but for Menafee they remained a picture of chaotic and tempestuous movement from which there rose with compelling clarity the vision of one particular dark-haired nymph poised lightly as a bird on a milk-white horse.

All the riders had a fierce young beauty, clean limbs, black hair, dark eyes, glowing skin, but she was the loveliest of all. Blue-black tresses flowed out behind her like a veil of night. From small, sweet features burned deep, liquid eyes. Her young form was as delicate as a dragonfly's and as quick.

She moved as swiftly as light, as liquid as quicksilver, a Princess of the Night, blinding the senses, enamoring the heart. . . . Incarnation of grace, she dominated the changing pattern. The galloping white horse seemed winged Pegasus and they a flight of silver doves that wheeled and swooped and soared about him.

Through the massed audience swept adoration of the lovely girl, one yearning, beating heart that found its echo in Menafee, too, transported into fairyland with the rest.

Then occurred something that brought Menafee forward on the edge of his seat, staring, trembling slightly, his throat oddly constricted. Into the arena tumbled a bit of brilliant flame, a ghost-like figure of a boy, a gleaming stripling with short-curved copper-red hair.

Straight and slim as a faun in his brightly colored silks, he stood for an instant like a burning candle, while miraculously the troupe had changed, and now the lovely dark girl was riding two horses, one foot on each of them.

For a moment the dark, enchanting naiaid rode thus like victory in the wind. Then with the swift, flickering movement of light splintering on a rapier blade, the slender youth swept upwards from the ground until he stood free and fearless, a flaming torch on the shoulder of the girl. Around they swept and with a shock Menafee found himself staring into the implish grinning face of young Pan.

There in the flesh, vibrating with life, was the slender sapling form, the close-curved shining hair, the ruffled puckish nose, laugh-wrinkled eyes, and the triumphant wide-split grin of the little figurine nestled in Menafee's pocket, his talisman, his sending from the ancient gods.

This might be living Pan, this flaming boy wafted through the air like Hermes himself. Bewitched, bewitched, transfixed, Menafee gazed at the gleaming figure hung between Heaven and Earth, young Pan reborn. He felt his own spirit take wings and soar in dizzying flight. Pan, Pan, called. He must follow, upwards, upwards through the grey clouds into the sunlight, wherever he called, wherever he might go.

The figure was gone. They were all gone, the airy gods. The ring was empty and Menafee found himself standing. The circus was over. People were moving out of their seats. He remembered that he was Henry Menafee who should have re-

turned home from Chester, but who instead had gone to see a circus, such a dear thrilling beloved little circus.

But Menafee was still far from his own world as the stream of the departing spectators swept him along through the flapping portals of the tent. The dream that had so shaken him had been dispelled, but his ears were filled with the sound of cracking whips and stamping horses, the "Hoopla! Here we are!" of the clowns.

His footsteps dragged and he looked backwards towards the empty arena where his seat had been, as though to fix the fact that he, Henry Menafee, had been there and had seen such beauty. He could not bear to leave.

The sun was low in the western sky when he emerged. The green flats, the winding river, the willows, the rows of brick houses looked somehow different than they had before. He felt as though he had been far away and for a long time.

Some of the spectators were straggling, moving, as he was, with unconscious reluctance. He felt a sudden warmth towards them because he understood them. Like him they struggled against their return to the other world in which they lived.

Some of the bolder ones strayed from the line of home-goers headed for the road and ventured to the right or to the left, lingering about the site. Hardly realising what he was doing, Menafee too began to wander, to linger and to gaze.

WITHOUT meaning to pry, Menafee presently found himself close to a row of waggons, red, blue, and gold painted, with curtained windows, and little crooked chimney pipes thrust through their roofs, and steps leading to the ground. There was a smell of cooking cabbage in the air and somewhere onions were frying. Menafee smiled to himself. The gods must eat too.

He was not seeking glamor now. The glittering performers would become just humans once again. But their finely trained bodies and their strength would never be laid aside.

It was this that was driving him on, the mystic call of beauty. He walked without aim, like a child attracted by something bright and desirable and following it heedlessly.

Around the corner of one of the waggons, Menafee came upon a slender brown figure, naked except for a loin strap, bending over and sousing its head in a tub. When it straightened up, blowing and shaking like a dog, Menafee saw that it was the Pan, the young rider.

The Pan? Well hardly. Here, close-up in the flat light of the late sun, Menafee saw that it was a child of no more than nine or ten years with upturned, nose and a dark gap where a first tooth was missing. But his hair was really red, a burnished coppery red and close-curling to his head. His eyes were wrinkled shut from the soapy water.

The boy towelled his face lustily and cleared his eyes.

They were sea-green and set so wide apart they gave the merest suspicion of an upward slant. When he caught sight of Menafee, he did not start, but looked him over coolly, standing up straight and beautifully unashamed.

"Ullol!" the Pan said. "A Gajo! Ain't you in the wrong place?"

Menafee felt at a loss, embarrassed, caught out. He had trespassed, pried into the private lives of a people for whom he had conceived a curious affection. He did not even consider the incongruity of his position and emotions: that Henry Menafee, headmaster, before whose authority boys trembled, should stand there small, humble, and flushing beneath the steady gaze of a child.

He said: "Forgive me. It's inexcusable. I didn't mean to intrude."

The boy seemed to be quite aware of Menafee's discomfort and the mastery of his position. He was more than a head and shoulders shorter than Menafee, but actually seemed to be looking down at him. He smiled suddenly and said, "Oh that's all right. I don't mind. The Gajos look us over all the time. Did you like the show?"

"Oh yes," said Menafee, and wondered at how quickly he had been put at ease. "It was splendid. I thought you were jolly good."

The boy looked pleased. The gap tooth showed again and he cocked his head a little. "Oh, I can do better than that," he said. "I hurtled my ankle last week. But I'm not afraid with Serena. She can ride."

Menafee thought—"Serena... what a beautiful name for that lovely creature, Serena." Aloud he said: "You were all quite wonderful."

The boy twiddled his arms on which the little muscles stood out under the smooth skin. "Oh, that's nothing. You come back tomorrow and you'll see something. I'm learning a flip-flap from Pancho, that's the big old horse, to the mare. I can do it, too, but Papa Tirani won't let me yet."

The sudden friendliness of the child warmed Menafee and he hardly realised that he was speaking to him as an equal. He said: "I wish that I might return to see you. I think the things you did today were quite extraordinary enough. I've never had such an enjoyable afternoon. Do you know, I'm very grateful. Goodbye."

The boy on some impulse held out a small, brown hand. "Cheerio!" he said.

Menafee took it. It was firm and strong and damp, and the touch went straight to his heart and caused there a queer kind of turmoil. It seemed to have been laid across all the loneliness there, gathering up the hurt and easing the pain as the touch of the gods has the power to do with mortals.

The gods indeed! Inwardly, Menafee shook himself. It was a naked circus child who had the grace to be friendly. He must go if he were to be home before dark.

"Cheerio!" replied Henry Menafee and turned swiftly away. He retrieved his machine

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



First in the swim
First in Before and After
Swim Wear



19 fabulous fabrics

MarQueen Tartan
Satin Laster

America loved these wonderful weaves... you'll love them too. There are brilliant tartans... tweedy bouclé... shimmering iridescent lastex... faille spattered with sparkling gold... magical nylons... miracle fabrics with a "dimensional" look. Most of them are Scamp "exclusives"... made to order for Scamp from original American samples. No one but Scamp can use these "fabulous" fabrics. If this is a "fabric" year for Scamp... it's equally a "style" year... there are no less than 28 different models to choose from... many of them inspired by top American and Riviera fashion favourites. All this — at moderate prices! The new Scamps cost much the same as last year's — sometimes even less. Compare, and you'll choose a SCAMP!

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HOW TO READ YOUR HAND

The lines of Head and Influence

By FRANCES KIENZLE

● The Head line begins between the thumb and forefinger and runs towards the outer side of the hand.

SOMETIMES the Head line merges with the Life line, separating under the first finger, or at the age you began to think for yourself. Sometimes it does not touch the Life line at all.

See the illustration at far right showing age on the Head line to estimate how old you were when you struck out for yourself.

If the Head line joins closely with the Life line and they run together for a little way, you are extremely sensitive. Your feelings are easily hurt; you cannot bear criticism; you lack confidence in yourself and your ability and are easily discouraged by others.

By knowing you have this weakness you can fight against it and in a great measure become less sensitive and gain more confidence in yourself.

One of the advantages of palmistry is that one can see one's own shortcomings and correct them.

There are more people who have their Head and Life lines joining than there are who have them separated.

If your Head line is separated from your Life line at its commencement, you have a great deal of confidence in yourself and in your ability, and care little for the opinion of others.

More successful people have their lines separated than joined. They are not easily discouraged by criticism. They are not always getting their feelings hurt and imagining slights where there were none intended.

If the Head line and Life line are widely separated, it shows the person is inclined to boldness and egotism.

The function of your Head line is to tell what kind of mind you have.



FORKED Head line in which the longer fork turning down indicates a good imagination.

CHART (above right) showing Life line and age on the Head line.

Note the shape and depth of the line. If it travels straight across your hand you are practical and level-headed with an even temperament.

A long, deep, straight Head line shows you have a good memory, a grasp of understanding, good power of concentration, as well as a good mind.

It is logical that the longer and deeper the Head line the more intelligent one is.

If your Head line is wavy, it is hard for you to make up your mind, and if you do make it up you are apt to change it right away.

Does your Head line turn down towards the Mount of Moon? It shows you have the power of imagination, a good quality for writers, artists, speakers, and poets.

A drooping Head line shows you to be temperamental, sitting on top of the world today



and down in the dumps tomorrow.

It is common for the Head line to fork, one end of the line going straight across the hand while the other one turns down.

If you have this formation you are both practical and imaginative; you have a double viewpoint. A slight fork would indicate versatility.

Note which fork is the stronger, the practical one going straight across the hand or the imaginative one turning down, and you will know which of these qualities is stronger.

This, incidentally, is a good combination for actors and writers.

A very wide fork shows that you are inclined to stretch the truth; that your imagination runs away with you.

If the end of your Head line turns up, it shows that you spend a good deal of your time thinking of money and wishing for it.

If the Head line ends in a tassel, it shows that you dissipate mental energy through needless worry.

A bulge upward on the Head

line indicates family responsibilities, aside from your immediate family, such as an invalid or widowed mother or mother-in-law, or an orphaned brother or sister, etc.

An island on the Head line at the point where the Head and Life line separate, usually under or between the forefinger and the second finger, indicates an eye weakness and should be a warning to protect your eyes from strain.

Lines of Influence

LOOK closely at the beginning of the Life line between the forefinger and thumb and note the fine lines running parallel with it, but inside it, on the Mount of Venus.

These lines are called Influence lines and represent people who have had a strong influence on your life.

An Influence line rising around the age of 18 or 20 indicates that a new influence has entered your life, someone of the opposite sex.

Note at what age this new Influence line begins and ends and then you can tell how long this person will remain in your life.

It is easy to tell the impression or the influence a person has had upon you by noting the depth or thinness of the line of Influence.

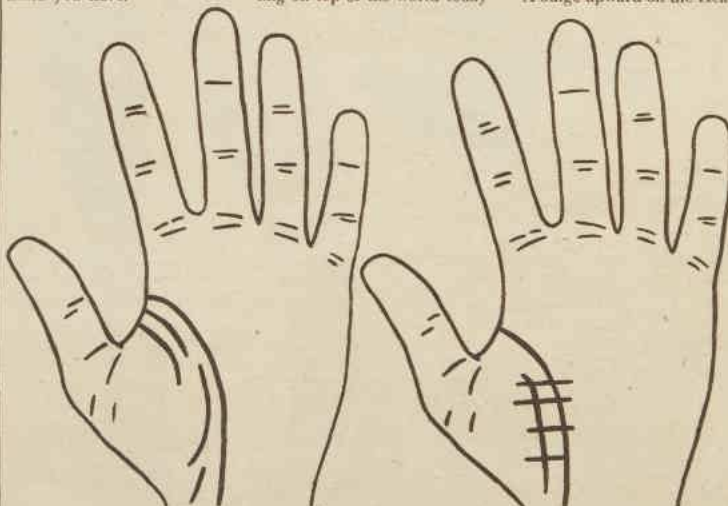
If the line runs deep and close to the Life line for a while, then becomes thin and gradually fades out, it shows that at the beginning the person had great influence on you but gradually lost it.

Some people have many Influence lines. This shows that they rely on others and let others greatly influence their lives.

The fewer Influence lines, the more self-reliant you are and the less easily influenced.

Horizontal lines on the Mount of Venus below the thumb which connect the Influence line and Life line show some event of magnitude, for instance, marriage or the birth of a child or some other outstanding event.

NEXT WEEK: The lines of Fate, Health, and Talents.



TYPICAL lines of Influence. The ones closest to the start of the Life line usually represent family ties.

HORIZONTAL Event lines connecting the Influence and Life lines stand for milestones in your life.

A career for Princess Alexandra

Royal teenager wants to be a nurse or to join W.R.N.S.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Princess Alexandra, at 16, wants to be a nurse or to join the W.R.N.S.—in that order—but before she can do either the consent of the Queen is necessary.

Like other girls of her age, Princess Alexandra is making up her mind on the career she wishes to follow. She may make history by being the first Royal princess to train for some practical occupation.

A DECISION will be made before the Queen leaves on her round-the-world tour. Alexandra and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, are spending a month at one of the shooting lodges at Balmoral, so that family conferences can be held on the subject during the Queen's summer holiday.

At an early age Princess Alexandra decided that she would like to be a nurse. When she was a little girl she used to dress in Red Cross uniform and put her dolls to bed to nurse, copying her V.A.D. mother, who nursed during the war at University College Hospital.

There the Duchess was known as Nurse Kay and the patients did not guess her identity.

In entering the W.R.N.S. Alexandra would also be following in her mother's footsteps, as the Duchess was Commandant of the W.R.N.S. in World War II.

Whatever is decided on, Princess Alexandra will have her coming-out season before she settles down to training.

In the spring of next year she will be the Royal debutante of the London season. She will be launched at 1954's most exclusive deb. dance, which will be given by her mother at Kensington Palace.

The Duchess has been granted apartments at the Palace and the restoration and renovation of the rooms is being speeded up.

Alexandra will not be presented at Court, but when she is 18, which is the Royal coming of age, she will take her place in the Queen's party as it assembles for one of the Courts at which the year's debs are presented.

After the debutantes have been received, Alexandra will walk behind the Queen as she leads the formal procession through the State apartments. This will be the young Princess' official Royal debut.

Alexandra left Heathfield School at Ascot last Christmas. The Duchess, feeling that girls who left school at 16 were not ready to take their place in the world, decided that a tutor was necessary and that she herself would instruct her daughter in all but classics and languages.

These subjects are given by

Lady Margaret D'Arcy, daughter of the 13th Earl of Kinnoull. Alexandra now journeys from Coppins to the Earl's Court Road home of her tutor each day.

Lady Margaret is widely travelled and is well known as a lecturer in America.

But to her mother more than to anyone else the Princess will owe her success in social and public life, which, by her bearing at the Coronation, already seems assured.

For the Princess just out of the schoolroom the Coronation entailed a certain amount of grooming. It was the first occasion on which she had worn a coronet and she had a special hair-style and wave. As well, she was allowed full make-up.

Dresses well

FROM the beautiful Duchess of Kent she has inherited poise, an excellent dress sense, and a gift for languages.

For her age, Alexandra is widely travelled. Last year she visited Paris chaperoned by the Vicomtesse de Bellaigue. It was the Vicomtesse who taught French to the Queen and Princess Margaret during World War II.

Later the Duchess took her daughter to a party given by the Vicomtesse. It was at this party that Alexandra wore her first cocktail dress—a rich deep red, youthful, but with a touch of sophistication.

Earlier this year Alexandra accompanied her mother to Athens to visit her grandmother. Then mother and daughter flew to Munich to see Alexandra's aunt, Countess Toerring, who lives just outside the city.

Alexandra's first holiday abroad was when she was 15, at the small village of Grasse, in the south of France. She went for bus rides, bought French nougat, bathed in the sea, and sat in cafes.

On one occasion there she helped a party of Americans, guiding them to Nice when they were lost.

Her French improved, and the Duchess was so delighted with her daughter's easy acceptance of life abroad that she was determined that Alexandra should have as much travelling as possible before she was of an age to assume Royal responsibilities.

At first a year in Paris and Athens was contemplated, but the sudden death of King George VI and the accession of the young Queen brought the realisation that Alexandra must take up her Royal duties



NIGHT AT THE THEATRE. Princess Alexandra with her brothers, the young Duke of Kent and Prince Michael, arriving at the theatre for the musical comedy "Love From Judy." The Princess loves the theatre and often attends with parties of young people, or goes to matinees with school friends.

earlier than had been intended.

So visits to capital cities were organised instead of the year abroad.

This season the Princess has been many times to the theatre.

Like her mother, the Princess has a taste for plays and revues as well as ballet, while from her father, the late Duke of Kent, she has inherited a talent for music.

Princess Alexandra is the youngest royal lady to receive the Sovereign's personal order, which dates from the reign of Queen Victoria.

It consists of a portrait of the Queen surrounded by diamonds. The present Queen's order has a chartreuse ribbon of watered silk. Princess Alexandra received it shortly after the Coronation, and she wears it on the rare occasions on which she is taken to evening functions.

The Princess has a very individual style and taste, and although her mother guides her it is the Princess who makes the final decision about her own clothes.

She has a feeling for strong colors rather than pastels, and stiff buoyant fabrics rather than soft billowing materials.

A few of her clothes are made by Norman Hartnell, but more are bought off the peg.

There is no truth at all in the stories that Alexandra wears her mother's clothes or alters her mother's hats for herself.

When choosing clothes she

takes a long time to make up her mind, but, once having made the decision, wears what she has bought with easy elegance.

She hates hats.

She is a little taller than her mother and her graceful carriage has already been remarked.

She has always been fond of horse-riding and she still rides her bike round the lanes at Iver.

At Heathfield School Alexandra was just one of the pupils. She swept the garden paths with the other girls, shared chores in the upper third, played hockey and tennis, but never well. Her strong point at school was languages.

Her French and German are perfect. She can also speak Greek.

She is very attached to her Continental cousins, Princess Elizabeth, 17-year-old daughter of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, and her mother's sister, Princess Olga.

Princess Elizabeth was educated in England, where she has many friends.

It was from Princess Olga's home in Paris that Princess Alexandra had her first glimpse of life in the French capital, and Princess Elizabeth has often stayed at Coppins.

Elizabeth's brother, Prince Nicholas, who is 23, is another cousin of whom Alexandra is very fond. When in England Nicholas delights his sister and cousin by escorting them round and sharing boyishly their enthusiasm for youthful entertainments despite his more sophisticated outlook.

It was Prince Nicholas who squirmed Alexandra through the rain-soaked streets on Coronation night. Alexandra, a scarf tied round her hair, chanted with the rest of the crowd outside Buckingham Palace "We want the Queen," and tramped London streets and squares right down to the Embankment, watching the fireworks and seeing the illuminations.

People who saw her that night realised then that the young Princess had suddenly grown up.

Before she died Queen Mary gave Princess Alexandra her portion of Royal jewellery. Because the Duke of Kent's death had left his family not very well off, part of Queen Mary's fortune has gone to the young Princess.

But she will not be rich unless she marries a man with money, and, of course, her marriage is subject to the Queen's consent, just as the Queen must now approve of her choice of career.



FIRST BIG TEST IN POISE for Princess Alexandra was her appearance with other members of the Royal Family at the Coronation. Here she is photographed with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and her younger brother, Prince Michael, posing for an official photograph with the Queen.

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chalk on one side,
eat off the other

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Here are the grandest, toughest toys ever to make a kid pop-eyed with pleasure! Toys that go, toys with speed, toys for out-a-doors, toys for indoors and toys for when a kid wants a quiet sit-down on his own. And all to be seen and tried out at your nearest toy shop, where you can make your lay-by now.

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don't let
drying skin
give you
a 'getting-older'
look

Drying skin often begins to show after 25 because the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing.

But in Australia, many young women show signs of ageing skin in their early twenties. Our severe climate can make you look as many as ten years older than your real age.

Watch out for trouble spots—flaky patches, criss-cross lines, "down-lines" by your mouth, sagging chin-line. Use a special replacer to offset the drying out of your skin's natural oil by age and the Australian climate. Use this special Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream. Give extra attention to trouble spots—this way:



That Matronly-looking Sagging shows along your chin-line. To Tone Up—"Pinch along" chin to ear with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream to give skin rich lubrication.



Thread-like Dry Lines on Forehead dig little furrows to age you. To Help Erase—Circle Pond's Dry Skin Cream over forehead.

3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream extra effective for dry skin. Rich in lanolin; homogenized to soak in better; contains a special emulsifier for extra softening; Pond's Dry Skin Cream brings that gloriously smooth, young look to your skin.

The Lady Maureen Cooper says: "Pond's Dry Skin Cream makes taut, dry skin more comfortable right away." PD32

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THE GREAT NERVE TONIC

A LADY AT RINGWOOD, VIC., WRITES:

"My husband and I felt like new beings after taking Fisher's Phospherine. We were run down and nervous. Now life's worth living again."

TAKE 4 DROPS IN A TUMBLER OF WARM OR COLD WATER EVERY MORNING.

IN ALL STATES EXCEPT N.S.W. SOLD AS

FISHAPHOS

Cherub shoes
for children

AT ALL
GOOD STORES

LOOK FOR THESE SYMPTOMS OF

WORMS

Itchy nose, irritability, turned tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep, destroy worms by taking

Comstock's Worm Pellets

YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

Kiss and make-up

Experienced people claim that the sweetest kiss of all is the kiss of kiss-and-make-up after a lovers' quarrel.

But this is for special cases. What most mortals of opposite sexes give and exchange is the kiss with make-up.

ANY girl will agree that the kiss received after she's just made up her face gives the least pleasure.

So here's a word in the large, flapping jug-ears of all the boys who are a bit regardless on the question of choosing the moment.

This, inevitably, I fear, means all boys between eight and 80.

Unlike the elephants, those other large and peevish thick-skinned who never forget, men never remember.

They never remember that when a girl has gone to considerable trouble to look pretty for a date, she likes to stay that way.

Before a glamor occasion, it's nothing for her to spend 1½ (stifling) hours with the hairdresser; this plus half an hour for bath, half an hour for dressing (and rushing round trying to find the right stockings), half an hour for make-up, half an hour for covering up the extent of the preparations so that she'll look as though she looks like that all the time.

Add to this the time (usually incalculable) spent on thinking about what she'll wear and the time (inestimable) spent on preparing same. . . well, after all that you've really got a lot of time expended on one date.

So what does a boy do? He concentrates on luring this dream of carefully prepared loveliness behind the nearest palm tree and destroying it with one bear-hug, one messy kiss.

Which is all very well. It's also very inconvenient.

A boy doesn't remember that a girl dresses not only for him but for herself and for the general public. Perhaps he flatters himself he's the reason for the gala appearance.

Sometimes he is. In which

instance a girl regards the hours of self-arrangement and early destruction as time well lost.

But more often he's not the reason. He's merely the excuse for dressing-up—the stimulus a girl needs to go to town on her looks.

No. Like many other things, kisses aren't what they look like in the movies where there's a skilful director, a make-up expert, and a hairdresser waiting at the ready in the wings.

And on the subject of movies. It's okay to hold hands and eat chocolates, but this arm round the back of the



movie seat, head on shoulder, and the kiss exchanged during the dull supporting shorts . . .

Come lights-up, the boy does quite a neat job of disentangling. One swift wipe of the handkerchief during The End and he looks normal enough.

But it's no fun for the girl left crouched over her compact. The repair job is especially difficult when in the mirror she's caught a glimpse of Auntie Maud and Uncle Cyril, as unamused as Queen Victoria, heaving themselves out of the aisle seats on the side two rows back.

You, dear sir, might reason that the girl doesn't have to kiss you.

But you'll be a whole lot

• Give a girl's lipstick a chance

• Save your attentions for evening's end.

more popular if you respect her make-up.

You might, for a change, reserve your affection until the moment of that invitation on the doorstep at the end of the evening: "Would you like to have a cup of coffee?" or "Come in and I'll make some tea."

It's the customary thing nowadays—and you've never refused it yet, have you?

The public has departed. Sleeping parents are conducive to whispers and not too many lights. Which, in turn, mean atmosphere.

If not much tea is drunk, well, that's only what she expected. If her make-up soon becomes a mess, she expected that, too. But does she care, at that hour, with the lights dim?

There's always an exception. When the girl will kiss you at 9 a.m. in the middle of Main Street, not only heedless of but welcoming the damage to hair, complexion, and new hat, she's really in love.

All in all, when you consider kisses and make-up, it's a pity that flirtation, that prettiest of the lost arts, was pushed out the door long ago.

It's so different now from the days when Mr. Rochester dressed as a gypsy and told Jane Eyre's fortune and Elizabeth Bennet and Mr. Darcy went walking.

There's no longer the significant glance, the gentle pressure of the hand—not since the psychologists told girls' grandmothers all about themselves.

So it's fitting to conclude this stricture by saying that the boys can't altogether be blamed for their osculatory attention, make-up and all, out of time and out of season.

If a boy gave a girl a Speaking Look these days she'd either giggle, advise him to take anti-allergy pills, or scornfully call him a frustrated wolf.

better than invite The Duchess home.

PATHOS in a dance-band platter? Yes, it happens in EA415 when you hear the crowd in the ballroom applauding the late Glenn Miller for his "Jersey Bounce" and "Georgia on my Mind." Disc is one of the posthumous series being made from broadcasts. These are two standards to appeal to everyone who enjoys good tunes in the hands of a maestro.

ON MGM5140 wistful Joni James obliges with a juke-box ballad to put stars in the eyes of the sentimental, "Is it Any Wonder." Flipside is "Yes, Yes, Yes."

—BERNARD FLETCHER

"Darling!
It couldn't be better!"



Be it gift or not, he'll be glad you chose these wonderful wearing, never fading Potters Anti-Shrink Shirts by Pelaco. Better, because the fine fabrics are tested for washability, colour fastness and sturdiness . . . then stylishly tailored for the modern man.



- CANNOT SHRINK
- CANNOT STRETCH
- CANNOT FADE
- EASY TO WASH
- EASIER TO DRY
- EASIEST TO IRON

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

PS 18.28



Daffodil Cake

- 4 ozs. butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- 6 ozs. plain flour
- Pinch salt
- 4 ozs. caster sugar
- 1 cup juice and grated rind of orange
- 3 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder

Cream butter and add sugar, orange rind and beat well. Add the beaten egg and sift dry ingredients 3 times. Fold in the orange juice and flour alternately and bake in a well-greased square or oblong tin for 20-25 minutes in moderate oven. When cool, ice with orange icing, using the remaining half of the orange.



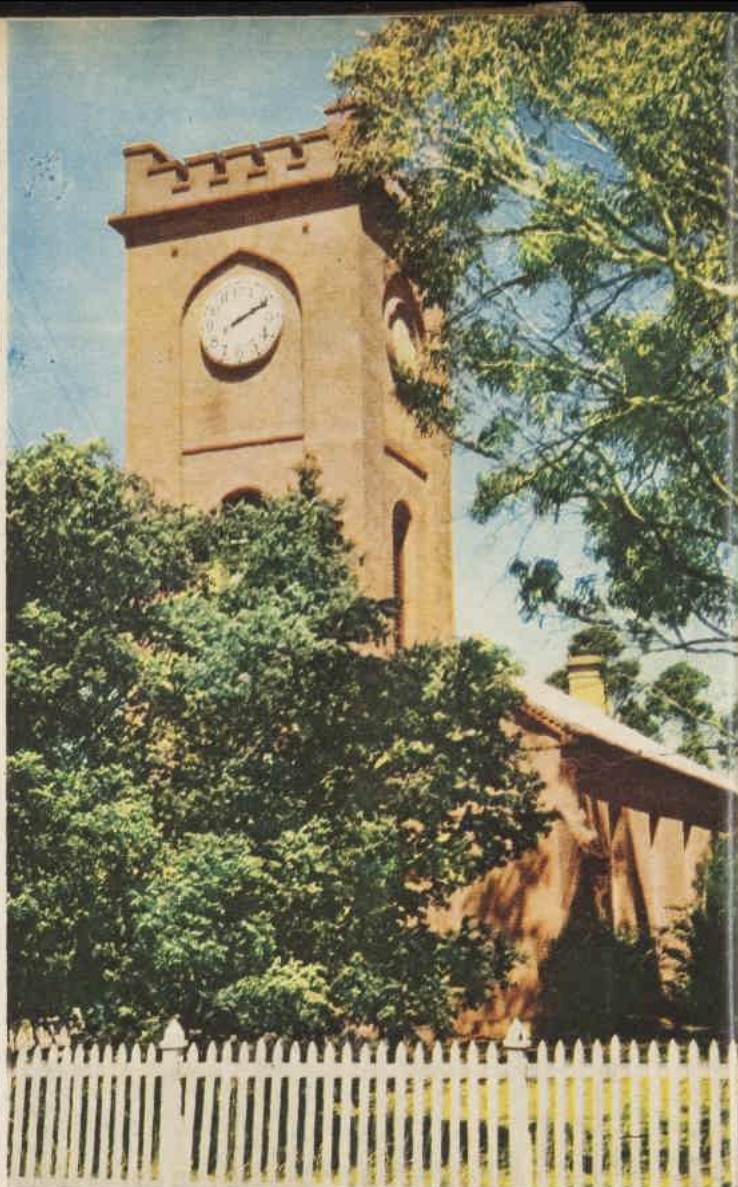
Blossom Drops

- 3 ozs. butter or margarine
- 5 ozs. plain flour
- 1 tablespoon milk
- 3 ozs. sugar
- 1 egg
- Vanilla
- 3 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder

Cream butter and sugar. Add vanilla and well-beaten egg. Sift flour and baking powder and add to the mixture alternately with the milk. Bake in well-greased and heated gem tins in a very hot oven 8-10 minutes. When cool, ice some white and some pale pink. Decorate with Aunt Mary's Jelly Crystals.

Aunt Mary's
CREAM OF TARTAR
BAKING POWDER

THE MAGIC POWER BEHIND THE FLOUR



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH OF ENGLAND at Richmond, 15 miles from Hobart, is one of the many historic and picturesque churches for which Tasmania is celebrated. It was built in 1834. Its worshippers included early settlers and their assigned servants.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, on the Hobart waterfront, which was built as a Customs House during Governor George Arthur's term from 1824-1831. The building was begun in 1835. It is solidly constructed of stone brought from the old Government quarry on the Domain.

Landmarks in Tasmanian history



RICHMOND BRIDGE. Built in 1823 during Governor Sorell's term, the six-arched span was the first stone bridge to be built in Australia, and is a monument to its engineers, artificers, and convict laborers. Most tourists visit the township and district of Richmond. The bridge is a favorite subject of painters and photographers.



PORT ARTHUR. One of the two turrets on the powder magazine of the historic convict station founded on Tasman's Peninsula in 1830 by Dr. Russell. Port Arthur is the setting for much of Marcus Clarke's epic novel "For the Term of His Natural Life."

The Queen's visit will coincide with 150th anniversary

The Royal yacht Gothic, escorted by H.M.A.S. Vengeance and H.M.A.S. Australia, will anchor in the Derwent River, Hobart, on February 20, almost exactly 150 years after the founding of the city.

THE visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will highlight celebrations of the sesquicentenary of Tasmania, which began this month and which will extend into next year.

Tasmania has many widely spaced "firsts" of 150 years ago to celebrate.

British settlement was made there in three movements. The first was by Lieutenant John Bowen at Risdon Cove, in 1803, the second by Lieut.-Colonel David Collins at Hobart in February, 1804, and the third by Lieut.-Colonel William Paterson at Port Dalrymple in November, 1804.

On September 12, 1803, Lieutenant Bowen founded the first settlement of what was then Van Diemen's Land.

The following year Lieut.-Governor

David Collins transferred it to a bay on the western side of the Derwent River.

He founded Hobart—or Hobart Town as it was known until 1881—on February 21, 1804.

A memorial in Tasmanian granite within a few yards of the actual landing will be unveiled on February 24.

To celebrate the sesquicentenary municipal councils have planned varied activities and entertainments in almost every civic centre.

Ships of the English, Dutch, and French navies, in addition to units of the Australian fleet, have been invited to visit Tasmania.

The Hobart Regatta, one of the biggest aquatic carnivals in the Southern Hemisphere, will last for ten days. The waterfront will be illuminated for the reception of competitors

in the Sydney-Hobart and Trans-Tasman yacht races.

Scouts will hold an interstate corroboree with the largest gathering of Scouts ever assembled in the State under canvas.

The corroboree will begin on December 28 at the Lea Camp site about five miles from Hobart.

A pilgrimage is also being arranged to celebrate the 110th anniversary of the consecration of St. Matthew's Church at Rokeby, some six miles out of Hobart, where the Rev. Robert Knopwood is buried.

Robert Knopwood conducted the first church service in the State at Hobart on February 26, 1804.



STONE MEMORIAL (left) near Hobart at Risdon, which commemorates the first and unsuccessful settlement of Tasmania by Lieutenant John Bowen, R.N. It is dated September 12, 1803.

ENTALLY National House (above) at Hadspen, on the Bass Highway near Launceston. It is the former home of Thomas Reibey, 1870's Premier, a colorful character in the history of Tasmania.



Prompt natural laxative action

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GENTLE ACTING NYAL FIGSEN



**Prevents
"wind" pains**

After each feeding, NYAL Milk of Magnesia is the ideal preventive for "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. Pleasant to take. Pure and safe for even the youngest baby. **2½, 4½**
SWEETENED or REGULAR.
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**Positive relief
from coughing**

The three-way action of NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir—the dependable modern cough formulation—"breaks up" even the heaviest congestion quickly. Reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier; stops irritating coughing; cuts away phlegm; soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest. **5½, 9½**
NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR

Feel better and brighter to-morrow by ridding yourself TO-NIGHT of constipation. Be regular—and keep regular—naturally with NYAL Figsen, the gentle-acting, pleasant-tasting laxative.

The active ingredient of Figsen is a laxative agent which medical experience has found to be mild, gentle and effective. Figsen won't upset even sensitive stomachs. It acts gently, without pain or griping, to bring prompt, comfortable relief from constipation.

Figsen comes in convenient tablet form—makes it easy to take anywhere, anytime. Pleasant-tasting. Two strengths—Regular, equally suitable for adults and children; Double Strength for those adults who find that they need a more positive laxative action.

DOUBLE STRENGTH 3/4

NYAL FIGSEN

ASK FOR THESE OTHER DEPENDABLE NYAL PRODUCTS

NYAL Antacid Powder 3/6
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NYAL Vitamin and Mineral Tonic 1/2
NYAL Vitaminized Children's Tonic 5/6
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NYAL Saline Dental Plaque Powder 3/4
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FOR COUGHS, COLDS & FLU
NYAL Baby Cough Syrup 3/6
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NYAL Cough Syrup 3/6
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FIRST AID NEEDS

NYAL Antiseptic Dressing 2/6
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NYAL Zinc Cream 2/3

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NYAL Children's Pain 2/6
NYAL Cold Sore Cream 2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Lotion 2/3
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NYAL Sore Throat Gargle 2/6
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NYAL Iodized Throat Tablets

BABY NEEDS

NYAL Calamine-Tanolin Cream 2/3
NYAL Soothing Syrup 2/6
NYAL Talcum Powder 2/6
NYAL Warm Syrup 3/6
NYAL Baby Soap 1/2
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**Stops
chafing**

NYAL Baby Powder brings soothing, cooling comfort for baby's sensitive skin. Contains an ingredient which resists moisture, lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Make this simple test—rub NYAL Baby Powder on to the back of the hand; drop one or two drops of water on to the powder—see how it runs off. Two sizes.

NYAL BABY POWDER



Sold only by Chemists

Campaigning clergyman says:

Australia worried by problems

After six months' contact with audiences all over Australia as spokesman of the Methodist Church's "Mission to the Nation," the Rev. Alan Walker says he is more than ever convinced that Australians must focus attention on several national problems, and should set a 10-year time limit in which to work and solve them.

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

IN his work as the mission's spokesman, the Rev. Alan Walker has travelled 35,000 miles throughout Australia, spoken to 300,000 people, broadcast to millions, and answered innumerable queries made by letter or in person.

The "Mission to the Nation" concludes with a mass thanksgiving service at Sydney Town Hall on September 27.

Mr. Walker said that since the mission began last April he had found Australians were concerned not only with their individual problems of acquiring faith, but with national problems.

At least eight national problems were causing concern. All could be solved by an aroused national conscience and the application of practical Christianity.

"If we looked at these problems closely and attacked them, it might be a good idea to set ourselves a 10-year time limit in which to solve them," said Mr. Walker.

The first of these problems was peace.

"Too many Australians, although wanting peace, believe in the inevitability of war," he said. "They believe that the power to work for peace is beyond them."

"They have resigned themselves to a war-torn world, putting their trust in armaments and bombs. Yet arms have never given peace in history, and never will."

"Money is being poured into armaments, and conscription for war is the order of the day. If we could take £50,000,000 off our armaments bill (about one quarter), and use it to help feed the people of Asia—some of whom live and die without ever knowing what it is to have a full stomach—we would be working for peace in a practical way."

"Then the question comes up: 'What can we, as individuals, do?'"

"We must not be self-satisfied, or judge others too harshly. And, when scanning news reports, we must try to read between the lines, realising that very often there is another side to the story, and must try to use our minds critically and objectively."

"Although peace has become a smeared word, it is what everyone wants. We

must take risks for peace, and we must demand it."

Mr. Walker said the other national problems were:

THE COLOR BAR: "Australians who live in cities do not realise that the color bar exists outback and in the north. I saw it during my travels for 'Mission to the Nation,'" he said.

"In Central Australia, on the outskirts of towns, I found half-castes living in squalor and degradation in hen-coop houses. Because nothing better in living is offered them,

"If Australians were true Christians they would look after the old, house them, care for them, and abolish the Means Test. I've seen many old people living under slum conditions, short of food, clothes, and attention."

"We are making old people suffer. We should realise that since 1900 the life span has increased by 12 years for men, and 13 years for women. We all grow old. The selfish should remember that."

YOUTH: "Too often adolescent youth is left to its own resources. After leaving school, when boys and girls should be growing up as good citizens, they are stalled in their mental and emotional life."

"We should provide more facilities for them, offer club and community life, and show that we are interested in their future."

HOUSING: "A national housing plan is needed, which would produce more homes at lower cost for young men and women who want to marry, but who cannot afford the inflated price of a house."

"Therefore, we must think of ways to supply marriage loans or gifts, which would take us nearer the goal of a house for every family unit."

ASIA: "Friendship with Asia is essential. I would like to see the Colombo Plan greatly expanded to help the people of China, Japan, Indonesia, and Malaya."

CHURCHES: "Our forefathers dotted the land with churches, yet today children are growing up in newly settled areas where no churches have been built."

"Little spiritual ministrations are available, and the nation will pay dearly for this lack."

FAITH: "People are coming to a turning point. They've put their faith in politics, in armaments, in materialism, in science. And, usually, they have been let down."

"So many are now wondering (rather wistfully) whether the Church may have something to offer, after all."

"There is only one answer to a great fear. It is a great faith. And it must be faith in God. There is only one force in all the world which can change for the better the moral tone of a nation: it is the power of true religion."



THE REV. ALAN WALKER

drinking and gambling have become their main interests.

"I heard of a hospital in North Queensland where the color bar operates. A colored child became ill, and in its own interests was placed by the doctor in the ward for whites. The doctor was severely reprimanded by the hospital board for this action."

"It is hard to imagine that a sick native child would not receive the same treatment as a white child. Yet this occurs, although Australians push such facts to the back of their minds. They should face the facts, and do something to alter them."

OLD AGE: "An old lady once said to me: 'I'm not afraid of dying. I'm afraid of living till I die,'" said Mr. Walker.

Every big

beautiful

"Dri-Glo" TOWEL

is Double Warp
for Double Wear!



Dri-Glo towels are big
to lie on, big to dry on.



Dri-Glo towels are soft
enough even for my tender
skin—and they dry me in
a jiffy!



Dri-Glo towels are the big,
quick-drying towels a man
likes after his shower.

Make a holiday play wardrobe!



Beach styles!

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Lots of new play fashions you
can make from Dri-Glo towel-
ling-by-the-yard. Beautiful
pastels, stunning prints — and
on sale at stores everywhere.

DRI-GLO BY-THE-YARD

Buy your Dri-Glo towels
gift-packed in Cellophane*.
The Cellophane keeps
them like new in your
linen cupboard, too.

(*A Regd. Trade Mark)



When a dentist finds MOUTH ODOUR

...here's what he does!

This leading Perth dentist has proved it... follow his advice.

None withheld for professional reasons but original letter held on our files.



I ADVISE THE DAILY USE OF MENTASOL CHLOROPHYLL TOOTH PASTE. IT CLEANS TEETH THOROUGHLY AND DEODORISES THE MOUTH BETTER THAN ANY OTHER TOOTH PASTE

"OF THE 2000 patients I see every year I'm amazed at the number who ask if a chlorophyll toothpaste really does deodorise the breath. They specifically mention the stale odours of tobacco, alcohol and strong-tasting foods. Since I've had experience with Mentasol Toothpaste I can truthfully answer: 'Yes. Mentasol does destroy all mouth odours.' There is no doubt that Mentasol is a considerable benefit to such people in their social and business life."

**7 out of 10 dentists
think Mentasol
better than any other
toothpaste**

Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said: "Better than any other toothpaste I've ever used." Try a tube of spearmint-flavoured Mentasol today—proved 50% more effective in destroying mouth odours than ordinary toothpastes.

We're so sure you'll agree that we make this unconditional guarantee:

Mentasol will do more for you than any other dentifrice—white or chlorophyll—to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth—or your money back.

The world's original
CHLOROPHYLL
TOOTH PASTE



M.S.WW146

BIG CAR TRIAL



MERRIEST ENTRANT IN THE TRIAL, "Grandma" Conway, with her co-drivers, Margaret Bruce and Denys Tanner, as they pulled into Alice Springs after the hot, dusty, all-day drive from Darwin. "I could go for a ten-mile walk," said Mrs. Conway.

"The girls" came up smiling after tough parts of trip

Front page news all over the Commonwealth, the Redex Reliability Trial captured and held the interest of Australians in much the same way that the Melbourne Cup does.

In fact, the marathon road test could easily develop into the Melbourne Cup of motoring if it is held annually.

THERE is the same element of chance about the road trial as there is in Australia's classic turf race. A well cared for "bomb" might easily triumph where a sleek, chromium-bedizened late model might be left, if not at the barrier, then among the potholes and corrugations of outback roads.

Motorists, and those who have never touched a steering wheel in their lives, were keenly interested, just as people who never go to the races and do not bet listen-in and read about the Melbourne Cup.

Australia's motoring heroine, 63-year-old grandmother Mrs. Winifred Conway, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., is no doubt the first woman in the world to give her hair blue rinses during a reliability trial.

She arrived back in Sydney with her soft, curly mop of hair an elegant blue. "I did it along the way," she said in reply to surprised questioning.

The trial's one disappointment as far as Mrs. Conway was concerned was that events moved too fast for her to be able to play Cupid to her navigator, Miss Margaret Bruce.

"Just whenever I'd get someone picked out, we'd have to move on," Mrs. Conway said. "Margaret is a wonderful girl—we'd never have got through without her."

Before they set out all three in the little tourer were strangers. The nearest link was the fact that Mrs. Conway knew Margaret's aunt. Thirty-seven-year-old Denys Tanner, who is married, got in touch with Mrs. Conway when he read that she was wanting a crew.

"Those two began by listening to every squeak," Mrs.

Conway said impatiently. "I told them that was not the way to set out on a long trip, and that the car had always squeaked."

Mrs. Conway attributes her ability to take down shorthand directions, plus Margaret's fine work with the compass, for the team staying out of so much trouble.

The little Austin tourer was probably the most unwanted car in the trial.

"I had to appeal through the papers to get a crew," said Granny. "It took me three weeks and about 100 phone calls to get enough advertisements painted on the car to keep costs down."

"When I asked to be sponsored by the Austin people they told me that they had already sponsored two teams, that the roads were too rough for a woman of my age, and that I was mad."

"It's a good thing that I thrive on opposition," she added cheerfully, screwing up her little walnut-brown face, and flashing her pretty blue eyes.

Mrs. Conway felt so badly about not being officially sponsored that in the early stages of the trial she refused to have her car spoken of as an Austin, and told everybody it was a "Monarch," made in Germany.

Now, however, matters are very different. As a token of their admiration, Larke Hoskins, Austin distributors for N.S.W., presented Mrs. Conway with a brand new car on her first day back.

She and her crew were also presented with an electric



MRS. WINIFRED CONWAY and her team mates Margaret Bruce and Denys Tanner say goodbye to their travel-stained Austin A40. Mrs. Conway is leaning against the new car presented to her in Sydney.

Personal win for women



LEFT: At Alice Springs, Nola Rowe (left), Diana Brunton, and Lois Rowe are presented with soft drinks by Ann Richards. ABOVE: Back home in Sydney, they read congratulatory telegrams.

toaster each—one from The Australian Women's Weekly, one from Redex, and the third from Larke Hoskins.

When Granny was being presented with her new car her six grandchildren advised her to take a dignified sedan. She rejected their advice.

The wiry little woman, who in her high heels touches five-foot-five inches, followed her natural inclination and chose the favorite car of film stars and millionaires—a convertible coupe.

"Even at my age I like something different, something with a bit of dash," she said. "Sedans look to me like a lot of coffins with everybody shut in."

A last-minute doubt caused Mrs. Conway to check on the back-seat space. "I just wanted to be sure," she said. "I always have a lot of people with me."

When the matter of insurance came up, Granny Conway took a firm line.

"I've been driving cars for 40 years, and for the first 20 years paid insurance and never made a claim," she said firmly. "After that I came to the conclusion insurance is a waste of money—and I still think so. Anyone who tries to make

me take out insurance is wasting time."

The 6500-mile trial that reduced not a few of the male competitors to near nervous wrecks brought this comment from Granny Conway, the grandmother of six.

"It was the best rest I've ever had—no one to look after. We all looked after our own luggage, and didn't have to bother about other people being cold, hot, or uncomfortable."

The main sign of wear and tear is huskiness. "I've been talking too much," Granny Conway said with unquenchable vitality.

During her driving life Mrs. Conway has owned nine cars. The little tourer she took on the test was only the second new car she had ever had.

"The others never cost me more than £100. But when I bought the tourer I decided it would be nice to have something that would start," she said.

The only possessions Mrs. Conway missed during the long trip were her emergency reserve shoes, left behind at the Adelaide racecourse.

Mrs. Conway lives alone in a flat with a harbor view. Before leaving on the trial she had just finished repainting

a house she owns at Mosman. "Now that we're back, I'll have to think about repainting the exterior," she said. "It's white, and I don't like it."

The height of the Granny Conway cult was reached at Mount Isa, when a large, friendly woman who had waited hours to greet her enfolded her in a huge embrace and shouted to her husband, "Tom, Tom, come and kiss Grandma. She's here at last."

Three days a week Mrs. Conway plays tennis with "the girls" and in the summer she also surfs. Two years ago she went to Kosciuszko and, after not being on skis for 20 years, successfully made the return trip to the Summit.

Her other interests are bridge and solo.

Trial driving might do what 40 years of motoring have failed to do—mar Granny Conway's clean motoring record.

"It's very easy to become used to driving at 60 miles an hour," she said. "Once or twice since I've been back I've had to pull myself up."

The all-women team, sisters Lois and Nola Rowe and Diana Brunton, of Sydney, were most impressed by the companionship they had from men competitors.

"It was worth it for the wonderful friendships we made among the boys," said Lois. "Yes, the boys were simply marvellous to us."

"We're going to miss them dreadfully, a couple of them are coming over to see us. They said they miss us too."

Men drivers who travelled behind the girls on a big stretch of the shocking Townsville-Mt. Isa section were full of admiration for the way Lois handled their car.

"It was amazing," the men said.

A couple of brothers who trailed the girls for quite a distance remarked:

"We felt that they liked to see our lights behind them, and as they travelled in good time we decided not to pass them at that speed and on that road—until the right moment."

The girls by-passed laundry problems by leaving clean clothes in their suitcases.

"It would be silly to put on clean things which would be dirty immediately," they said.

Lois, Nola, and Diana, who drove their Sunbeam-Talbot all the way without having a puncture or changing any parts of their car, all said they hope to enter next year's trial.

On their first day back, surrounded by masses of flowers and hundreds of telegrams from well-wishers, the girls thought that one of the nicest coming-home presents was a strawberry tart.

"The local pastrycook cooked it especially for us, as he knows it is our favorite, and sent it down to us this morning," said Lois.

As well as navigating for Bill McLachlan and Malcolm Mackay, of Sydney, Miss Marie Higgs acted as cook.

Her job was to plunge tins of asparagus and tomato juice into the ice-filled thermos and serve cold snacks. She also handed around oranges.

Mrs. Pauline Barnes shared the driving and navigating with her brother, Mr. Martin Law, and Mr. Mac Robertson, of Wollongong, N.S.W.

Though she looked fit, she said all the clothes she had taken with her were now too big for her. The men did the maintenance on the car and she did the domestic chores, such as washing for all the party at control points.

She has a husband and four children, the eldest 13, the youngest five.

When a thing gets out of hand...

a little BEAR will fix it!

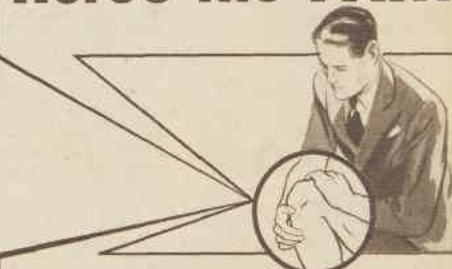


Every job is fixed in a jiffy, and it stays fixed, when you use "BEAR TAPE". No mess, no fuss... it seals firmly with a light finger touch. "BEAR TAPE" is always reliable, too. It's made here for Australian conditions.



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Where's the SLOAN'S

You feel distinct comfort immediately you dab on a little Sloan's Liniment. Then, in only a few minutes, the warming, EXTRA blood flow induced gives you soothing relief from pain. The warming tingle of Sloan's works its way to the source of the pain

and stops it. Even severe muscular pains and joint aches respond to the soothing warmth of Sloan's. For quick relief of backache, stiffness, neuritis, rheumatic pains, lumbago, strains and sprains, rely on Sloan's.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

AT ALL CHEMISTS

2/9 BOTTLE



NAVIGATOR Marie Higgs with driver Bill McLachlan during the trip. Malcolm Mackay was the third member of the team.



CO-DRIVER and navigator Mrs. Pauline Barnes, who is also a crack tennis player and has a golf handicap of nine.

The pretty one-piece for Summer



● Lilac linen outlined with white rick-rack braid is combined in the superbly tailored summer dress (above). Two out-size pockets trim the softly flared skirt, and all-white accessories complete the ensemble.

● Rose-red-and-white printed silk (above left) designed with a narrow knife-pleated skirt, a wide cummerbund-inset waistline, and cool, sleeveless bodice-top finished with narrow shoulder ties. Rose-red shoes, a new spring fashion, are worn with the dress.

● Coin-spotted linen, black on yellow, is used for the slender-skirted dress (far right). The soft bodice-top is bloused and accented with black at the neckline and sleeves to match the twin pockets on the skirt.

● A slim straight-up-and-down silhouette is featured in the sleeveless lettuce-green linen one-piece (above). Three panels of pin-tucks run from shoulder to hemline. The waist is sashed in coin-spotted linen.

● A shapely silhouette for the patterned pink cotton one-piece (right). The dress has a widened V-neckline, short-cut sleeves, a front-buttoned fastening, and flared skirt. The small forward-worn spring hat is in a deeper shade of pink.

● Shirtmaker dress (left) is made in a fine blue-and-white checked cotton. The dress has short sleeves and an easy skirt. A yellow silk tie with long ends is knotted at the high shirt collar and tucks under the belt. Note big hat's shallow crown.



● A flowery wallpaper print is chosen for the soft little dress (left). White accents the bodice and front fastenings and belts the waistline. The dress is worn with a large-brimmed, leaf-green hat and matching pump shoes and flat handbag.

● Pin-spotted rayon with a wide cherry-pink cummerbund sash are featured in the dress (left). The bodice has a wide scooped-out collared neckline, the skirt is gracefully flared. The bonnet-shaped hat matches the sash.

● Pink-and-white lollipop stripes are used for the perfect summertime cotton (right). The crossover V-necked bodice-top has tiny puffed sleeves tied in butterfly bows. The skirt is very full, the waist is belted in plain pink.

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WITH NEUTRALISER BOOSTER



Always neutralise your Home Permanent. Leaving this all-important safety-step to chance or the imperfect oxidising action of thin air is like driving a car without brakes.

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Richard Hudnut Egg Creme SHAMPOO for naturally soft, shiny hair!

It's soapless... but its real secret is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable, brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become. Available in 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles.



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If your hair is end-splitting, dry or lacking lustre, try this amazingly effective conditioner... a boon to sun or wind damaged hair. Wonderful for keeping hair free of tangles... hair gleams with polished loveliness... strengthens your perm or natural wave. In 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles.

MOTHER



"Could I buy HALF an apple?"

BUTCH



"The other one is still thought to be lurking about the grounds. Search cautiously. He may be dangerous."

Worth Reporting

IN an office behind the old kiosk in Hyde Park, Sydney, we found Mr. John McCarthy, Supervisor of Parks, Division B. He remembers the park as it was when the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duke of Gloucester visited Australia.

Mr. McCarthy is planning the park displays in Sydney during the coming Royal tour.

"When Teddy, Prince of Wales, was here," said Mr. McCarthy, "Hyde Park was nothing much—just Moreton Bay figs and clay. If we weren't sweeping up leaves, we were sweeping away figs."

"The Moreton Bays lined the old Lovers' Walk, which still runs down the centre of the park, but they have been replaced by Ficus Hillii now."

"In his time—the Prince of Wales I mean—the old bandstand still stood. It used to be a wonderful occasion for Sydney people to come along on Sunday nights, pay a penny for a deck-chair, and sit and listen to the brass band."

"Rangers used to wear dark uniforms decorated with plenty of braid, and 'concertina' caps on their heads. We even had women rangers, who did much the job that policemen do now. And, of course, all our mowers and carts were horse drawn."

"That was my first job in the park—driving a horse and cart. The City Council had hundreds of horses working for it then. Now there's just one left—a bay draught horse named Herbie Macnamara, which draws the tipdray."

"Whenever we called for Herbie, one of the employees here, the horse used to come running. That was how we discovered its name."

"Then we surnamed the horse Macnamara, because Macnamara was a well-known runner. Herbie Macnamara still comes charging across the lawns as soon as we call him."

"A funny thing happened once. We had a tug-of-war between employees. One side was heavy, the other light. The light side asked if they could have Herbie Macnamara on their side."

"The heavies expected Macnamara to be a man, and got a shock when Herbie was tied to the rope. Of course, the light side won."

"Herbie is strong, and has more than one horsepower. 'The standard lights we

have now are a big change. The night when they lit the park, after years of arc lamps, was quite an occasion."

"Colored floodlights to illuminate the roses will be a feature when the Queen is here next year, and hundreds of colored lights will be strung among the trees."

"Color is a modern idea which everyone seems to like," Mr. McCarthy went on. "The 300 seats in the park are all being repainted in bright colors."

On his way to work Mr. McCarthy pauses sometimes in the old Lovers' Walk, close by a ventilator, from which rises the noise of the trains passing through the underground. He likes to talk over old times with fellow supervisors Mr. Alf Atkinson and Mr. A. Black.

"Between the three of us," explained Mr. McCarthy, "we've given 120 years of service to the parks of Sydney."

Syngman Rhee and the two bears

PRESIDENT Syngman Rhee of Korea relaxes after work by ambling round his garden in the evenings with his two dogs and his two pet Korean bears. "We were informed by Miss Phyllis Woodley, of Brisbane, who has been his secretary for the past year."

"The bears are tame little fellows," she continued, "full of fun, but are growing so rapidly that arrangements have been made to send them to the Washington Zoo, in America."

Korean bears, we discovered, are brown, and are found all over the Northern Hemisphere, from Spain to Japan, as well as in Korea. They can be trained to dance to music.

Miss Woodley, who handles President Rhee's English correspondence, first went to Japan in 1947 with the Australian Army Canteen Service, then to Korea with the United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency. She was assigned to Syngman Rhee by U.N.

She works with secretaries from Korea and Washington. She said that flowers were just beginning to bloom in war-devastated Seoul, and that just before she left the fruit was getting ripe—particularly apples from Taegu, and luscious peaches and plums.

Miss Woodley will return to Korea shortly.

HUSBANDS who wish that their wives had never heard of Christian Dior may have to change their tune because M. Dior has started on them. Now the well-dressed man can have a Dior label—on his ties.

This is probably just the thin end of the wedge. The fashion dictator might soon venture further into this field. But, M. Dior, no knee-length trousers, please!

Lucky year for Quest winner

FIRST-PRIZE winner of £1000 Mobil Quest, 26-year-old Elizabeth Allen, of Moridale, N.S.W., feels that 1953 is a specially lucky year for her family.

Her twin brother, Bill, who is an Army captain, won a half share of the first prize in the N.S.W. State Lottery early this year and with his £3000 bought himself and his sister a car each.

"It's all happened just in time to snap me out of the doldrums," she said the day after her win. "After eight years of entering every kind of eisteddfod and competition available, I was rather beginning to lose heart."

"I had decided that contraltos just weren't popular with judges and that they only ever got second and third places when big prize-money was concerned."

Elizabeth has 43 first, second, and third eisteddfod prizes to her credit. She once won the Melba Trophy and at 21 was a licentiate for singing of the Royal Schools of London.

Elizabeth lives with her mother and father, a Scotty terrier and a snow-white cat in a brick cottage.

She did not start singing training until she was 18. Since then she has mastered German, Italian, Spanish, and French, and has done full-time jobs as a cashier, typist, telephonist, and bookkeeper in banks, insurance offices, and building societies.

Two years ago she joined the A.B.C. Sydney Singers vocal ensemble. With them she has done some solo as well as choral work and averaged about three broadcasts a week.

"Now I'm going to realise my two strongest ambitions," said Elizabeth, who looks remarkably like a darker Joan Hammond.

"First to London to study oratorio—England's the home of oratorio, you know—and then to Vienna for lieder work. After that we shall see."

It's that
GOLDEN RAY
girl . . .

the girl with hidden enchantment . . . Golden Ray Lingerie and sheerest hosiery, of course, famous for fashion and fit. A bewitching basis for beauty. Golden Ray lingerie in silken-soft fabric, has matching needlerun lace. You can choose your own sets, piece by piece—in six glamorous, flattering colours.

Nylon hosiery to note!

Such breath-taking glamour for your legs! Golden Ray are the sheerest nylons of all. 30 denier, in beautiful Hyacinth gift boxes. 12/11 pair.
15 denier, in exquisite Gardenia gift boxes, 14/11 pair.

So bewitching in Golden Ray briefs. Fashioned in stimulating silken fabric, lovingly blessed with needlerun lace. 82/66, 18/6.

So very French in chic Knickers—the newest shape in undies wear them as panties, senties or briefs. That flattering lace again, note! 8254F, Knickers, 12/11.

So utterly feminine in breath-taking night of Golden Ray's newly-fledged "Bright-n-Dull" fabric. Enchanting lace-frothed bodice, and a word of a skirt. 8563, 57/6.

So glamorous in this Golden Ray slip. See how it fits and flows from top to hem in adorable fashion. Enchanting needlerun lace, too. 8480, 42/11.

GR258

Golden Ray

Glamourizing lingerie—sheerest nylon hosiery

YET ANOTHER PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIAN KNITTING MILLS LIMITED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 23, 1953

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Interstate interest at society wedding



PRETTY BRIDE. Josephine Roche leaves her home, "Cranford," Edgecliff, for her wedding with Michael Jones at St. Joseph's, Edgecliff. She is accompanied by her father, Mr. J. D. K. Roche, and two of her attendants, Mrs. John Roche, Adelaide (left), and Mrs. Austin Chapman, Canberra.



BRIDE'S ATTENDANTS. Jennifer Roche (left), Mrs. Austin Chapman, and Mrs. John Roche, wait for Mrs. Michael Jones to throw her bouquet from the stairs of her home.



WEDDING GUESTS. Allan Coogan, with Dinah Cullen (left) and Gillian Culbraith, who are helping to plan a "Night in Hawaii" party at Glen Ascham on September 26.



BRIDAL GROUP. From left: Warsick Lindsay, Gordon Stewart, Ted Jones, Michael Jones and his bride, and Josephine's sisters, Jennifer Roche and Mrs. Austin Chapman, and sister-in-law, Mrs. John Roche, after the ceremony.

*Oh dear,
I'm so tired!*



"I DON'T seem to have any energy any more. I'd like to go to bed and sleep for a month. I suppose I'm a bit run-down..."

"I know how you feel. I felt the same a few weeks ago, but then I was advised to take Phyllosan tablets. I am still taking them."

"I've heard of them, of course. Do you really think they would do me any good?"

"I can only say that personally I've found Phyllosan a very great help. I don't get nearly so tired as I used to, my appetite is better, and I feel much more cheerful."

PHYLLOSAN

fortifies the over-forties

by restoring digestive and metabolic tone
strengthening the nerves and increasing energy



HAPPY COUPLE. John Towers Settle and his bride, formerly Ailsa Whish, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. Milroy Whish, of Young, leave St. James', King Street, after their wedding ceremony for a reception at the Pickwick Club.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Sue Gidley King, John Vyden, and Jill Chapman at the first function of the newly formed Haywire Committee, which was held at the Pickwick Club. The committee will hold a dinner dance on October 14 at the Club.



SPRING FORMAL DANCE. Barbara Bruce (left), Warren Payne, Bob Wright, and Sylvia Walker at the dance given by the Younger Sets of High School Ex-students' Associations at the Woollahra Golf House.



GAY COUPLE. Athalie Broad and Barrie Wiles at the dance given by ex-students of P.L.C., Orange, at the Pickwick Club. Athalie wore a white-spotted scarlet cotton frock.



GALLANTRY. The Count of Padua (Leonard Gulton) assists Beatrice (Margery Lockwood) down the steps at the Shakespearean Ball, held at Glen Ascham.



ON THE STAIRS at White City are Faye Elliott (left), Richard Manning, and Betsey Harvey, who were guests at the party given by Leo Thorpe and Tony Buckingham. Betsey's frock of scarlet net was trimmed with silver.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

COLORFUL ceremony will be held at Sydney University on Tuesday, October 13, when the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, will be invested with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Lady Slim, who will accompany Sir William, will be making her first public appearance in Sydney. She will be here for only one day.

The ceremony will be followed by a luncheon in the University Union, given by the members of the Senate, after which the Governor-General will review the University Regiment.

Lawns in front of the main building will be crowded for the service in Commemoration of Benefactors, which will take place at 3 p.m. The Governor-General will deliver the address.

Finale of the day's events will be a garden party, to be held in the main quadrangle of the University.

WELLINGTON polocrosse carnival had an exciting climax for the 60 young guests who attended the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Campbell to celebrate the 16th birthday of their daughter, Marlene. Party was held at the Campbells' home, "Bonado," Mumbil. Guests, most of whom danced till the small hours of the morning, included many of Marlene's school friends from P.L.C., Orange.

"MOST exhilarating holiday I've ever had" is the verdict of Mrs. Alfred Morgan, of Pymble, who has recently returned from three months spent in Singapore and Djakarta.

Mrs. Morgan stayed with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Birch, in Singapore, and she tells me the hospitality is overwhelming—with parties every night. She also travelled to the smaller towns up-country, and found the cool, crisp air there a relief from the steamy heat of the city. Mrs. Morgan says there's a spice to motor travel in the islands, as it is necessary to drive at 70 miles an hour or more to escape the attentions of bandits.

MRS. GRAHAM BARBER, of "Carinya," Griffith, arrived in Sydney from a world tour with her husband only to set off again almost immediately for Victoria, where her children, Bruce and Joy, were staying with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Lawson, of "Spring Bank," Coleraine. After visiting "Carinya," Mr. Barber flew down to Victoria, and the family all returned home together.



AT THE COWES REGATTA. Australian visitor in England Mrs. Anthony Oxley accompanies her nieces and nephew, Penelope (left), Philip, and Melita Morgan-Giles, on their way to Commander Morgan-Giles' sloop Alyth.



ENGAGED. Betty Helen Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Morgan, of Vauchuse, and Doug Nance, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Nance, of Eastwood, who announced their engagement at the Air Force Association Ball at the Trocadero.

A FEW weeks after her return from two years in England, Loï Attwood was godmother to her nephew, David Vivien Attwood, when he was christened at All Saints' Church, Dunedoo. David is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Attwood, of "Graywood," Cobbora.

LOVELY diamond solitaire ring with diamond shoulders is being worn by Marion McMullin, who has announced her engagement to Bob Miles, of "Bingleburra," East Gresford. Marion is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reg McMullin, of "Strathmore," Rouchel Brook, and Bob is the son of Mrs. Miles, of "Burra-due," Bungwahl, and of the late Mr. J. R. Miles.

JEWELLERY... Mrs. Mark Barnett's massive gold bracelet, set with pearls and diamonds, which originally belonged to her grandmother... and Mrs. Frank Clune's flower-spray brooch of opals and diamonds—an anniversary gift from her husband.

AFTER a separation of more than three months, Mrs. Guy Walsh will meet her husband again in England in December. Formerly Olive White, of Murrumbidgee, Mrs. Walsh was married in London last June, and will sail for home in November. While her husband is visiting America, Mrs. Walsh is staying here with her mother, Mrs. M. G. White, of Elizabeth Bay, and her sister, Mrs. Kevin Tarlington, of Darling Point. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh will live in Purley, Surrey, for about 12 months before going on to Toronto, Canada, where they will make their home.

A WONDERFUL trip is ahead of Robin Hurst, who will leave for England in the Orontes next March. Robin, who is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Rupert Hurst, of Vauchuse, is a nurse at Prince Alfred Hospital, and recently finished her four years' training course. She will be away about eighteen months.

Anne

Always something new! Now



Look for Jeldi on the prettiest mother-and-daughter sets in town! Choose yours from a sparkling range of wash-tested colours, in Jeldi's original "Ripple" chenille ... at your favourite store!



Jeldi—softest, downiest of all chenilles ... and longest-lasting, too! This one's "Traditional," featured in Jeldi's charming "Ripple" chenille. All colours, all bed sizes, and keenly priced.



Jeldi and no one else has the magic Texagraph embroiderer that works such exquisite flowery spreads as this. It's "Cameo"—yours in heavenly pastels with contrast flowers.



Who but Jeldi introduced TAILORED chenille bedspreads to fit all bed styles? (This charmer is "Trellis," in exclusive Jeldi pastels with contrast flowers.)

Count on



... for gay young dreams like the Teener's gown—glamorous, made-to-take—Give her her choice of 12 heavenly Jeldi colours!

JELDI—the chenille that washes and washes ... and never needs ironing!



presents "Headliner"

**Thrilling new turn-a-top
bedspread that puts an
end to pillow puckers!**

See it at your
favourite store NOW,
in Jeldi's adorable
new "Posy" pattern
—blithe with gay
Spring flowers!



**IT STAYS
LEVEL HERE**

Lies straight at floor edge, no matter how deep
your pillows are! Easy as 1-2-3 to manage!



1 Top end of Jeldi's "Headliner" has an extended panel of reversed chenille, about 26" longer (but a little narrower) than rest of bedspread. When making bed, bring main section of spread flush with head of bed, leave extension free . . .

2 Now—simply pop pillows in position on bedspread (not under it!) and fold reverse section over the top to form a pretty edge just below the pillow line. Shorter ends at extension drapes beautifully at sides.

3 For another lovely effect, try tucking in free end of extension panel under pillows, as shown! Either way, Jeldi's "Headliner" looks wonderful . . . cuts bed-making time by minutes!

Ask for "Posy,"

Jeldi's exclusive new "Headliner" design No. 190—single and double bed sizes, in Pastels: Pink, Green, Blue (as illustrated) and Corngold, Beige, Mushroom, Champagne and White. At good stores everywhere!

Jeldi dream gown

in Champagne with Rose, Blue or Green trimming, also Rose, Blue, Green, Aqua, Burgundy and Champagne with self trimming. Sizes SW., W. and OS. Like all Jeldi gowns, made in "daughter" sizes, too—2 to 20 years.

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Molly and Miss Masters, he managed to heave himself up on the deck. There he collapsed, gasping—unable to say a word.

The next ten minutes went by in a flurry and a rush. Andrew was escorted below. Miraculously Miss Masters, who had taken over command, produced a glass of hot whisky and water.

"Drink," she said. "Drink this before you take another breath."

Andrew drank, and then dolefully watched the large pool of water that was forming round him on the carpet covering the deck of the saloon.

"Now," said Miss Masters, "go into my cabin and take off those wet things. I'll put some coffee on in the meantime. Here, come along!"

Andrew was gazing at Molly. Molly was gazing back at Andrew. The dominating presence of Miss Masters made them both shy. Also, since Andrew had just been rescued from the river and was already shivering like a man with ague, it was hardly the most propitious moment to make up a quarrel.

Dripping, Andrew followed Miss Masters into her cabin. She smiled at him. "Now, young man, you're to get into that bunk—and stay there. Here's a pair of my pyjamas." She bustled out of the cabin.

Quickly Andrew tore off his wet clothes and got into the bunk. He was cold. The whisky, which had put life into him for a few seconds, seemed now to be having about the same effect as an ice-cream. And his spirits were at the same temperature.

What a start to a reconciliation! What a fool he must have looked falling off that plank! Andrew was just beginning to work himself into the frame of mind to jump back into the river again, when there was a knock on the door.

Molly came in with a tray. "Your coffee. It's steaming hot and Aunt Jane says you're to drink it like that. Then you're to eat these sandwiches."

Andrew looked at Molly. She had placed the tray on a table beside the bunk, and was doing her best to look firm and efficient, but Andrew saw that her lower lip was trembling.

"Molly, darling—"

"Drink your coffee."

"Molly, please... Darling, I'm sorry—"

"Aunt Jane said you were to drink your coffee..."

"Molly! Will you listen?"

Her lower lip began to tremble again. "Yes, Andrew?"

"Kiss me," said Andrew, because momentarily he could think of nothing better to say.

Then she was in his arms and

Continuing . . . Lucky Dip from page 5

she was crying. And Andrew had to laugh. His laughter was all mixed up with love and gladness, and the intoxicating feeling of holding Molly in his arms once more.

Then Molly lifted her head. "But how did you know where to find me? Did Mother—?"

Andrew pulled himself together. "Your mother did not. It was pure deduction. I knew you were still working at the office—"

Then Molly buried her head in his shoulder. "Will you forgive me? It was me you spoke to on the telephone—I disguised my voice..."

"I thought there was something familiar about it!" said

Royal tour decorations

THERE was not a great deal of imagination shown in the decorations that were put up in Australian cities last June to celebrate the Coronation.

In less than five months the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will be driving through those cities, and many people hope that the patriotic displays will then be very much better.

With London's superb Coronation decorations as inspiration a panel of five men—an architect, an industrial designer, two sculptors, and an art teacher—have put on paper what they think should be done in central parts of Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane.

The result makes a fascinating illustrated article in the September 22 issue of the Australian Magazine.

Andrew with relief. "And all the time I was thinking you'd told everybody in the office we'd had a row!"

"I told Mother. That," said Molly, pointing an accusing finger at him, "is what makes your tracking me down here so suspicious."

"Your coffee is getting cold," said a stern voice.

Shyly Molly escaped from Andrew's arms and smiled at Miss Masters, who stood in the doorway trying to look fierce and not succeeding a bit.

An hour later, in the saloon with Molly, she was looking very fierce indeed.

"If we have to tie him down by force, then we will! But he's not going back to his digs today. That boy's got a temperance."

Andrew did not go back to his digs that day—nor for the next week. By morning he had developed a thick cold and a hard, hacking cough. He was miserable and petulant and, like most men, a thoroughly bad patient.

On the seventh day Andrew was allowed up, and spent the afternoon and evening in the saloon. The big space, the beams on the deckhead, the portholes with their gay red curtains enchanted him.

Molly said, "Now I think this has a lovely atmosphere, don't you?"

Andrew said it was the loveliest atmosphere he'd ever known.

At that moment Miss Masters, who'd been out shopping, came clattering down the ladder into the saloon and said, "I've got a plan."

She dumped her parcels on the settee and then drew her chair up to the stove.

"Could you two put up with me for six months every year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five days a year," said Molly.

"No, only through the winter months. Now, this is my plan. There's room on this barge for all of us. You two can have the forecabin and the little study I've had built up in the forecabin. We'll all share the saloon. Then, all the spring and summer, the entire barge will be yours. I go to stay with my brother on his farm, as you know."

"Do you mean," said Andrew incredulously, "that you're going to offer us a home? On the barge?"

"Unless, of course, you'd rather have one at the bottom of the Thames?"

Molly and Andrew both jumped up and kissed Miss Masters together. Laughingly, a little embarrassed, she pushed them off.

"Goodness," she exclaimed, "here we all are talking away and your mother, Molly, is coming to dinner to celebrate your finding a home with the right atmosphere."

"Atmosphere...!" Andrew began derisively, then stopped as he caught Molly's eye. "Yes," he said quickly. "After all, atmosphere is the thing that counts!"

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

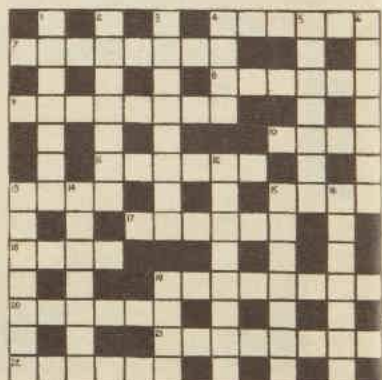
ACROSS

4. Morning spent in entertained. (6)
7. Memo not required by an elephant. (8)
8. Small flat slab. (6)
9. Excited aversion with little Diana's blast. (6)
10. Guide a girl-friend of Zeus. (4)
11. Opening on a disturbed note I find 100 relating to intellect. (6)
12. Blatant spirit. (4)
15. Leave it alone, printer! (4)
17. Appearance, the first half of it was fatal to Cleopatra. (6)
18. Of this type Parker is the best known. (4)
19. A'mirer who confesses that he likes to postpone things. (8)
20. The Dog Star. (6)
21. Imbues in spirit-making utensils. (8)
22. Damage in a steamer takes an outh. (6)



Solution to last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

1. Rescue of the French organ. (7)
2. Chanting mostly of transgression and spirit. (7)
3. His wife was a persevering weaver in order to keep away the wolves. (8)
4. Branches of learning in a star. (4)
5. Diligent has assets. (7)
6. Depreciate little Edward when turned on a broken cart to tea. (7)
12. It isn't an igloo, but used for storing the material for it. (3-5)
13. Ode, sung with ease and tells about the first one! (7)
14. Perceive a Russian river and be useful. (7)
15. Holy listener in tallowy substance. (7)
16. No longer young dry eel—about fifty. (7)
19. Goddess is doubled. (4)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 23, 1953



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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

The sleeveless summer city dress . . . the playsuit plus skirt . . . the party blouse . . . the cotton topper . . .

THE one-piece dress continues to dominate summer daytime fashions. Style types include a scoop-necked dress and a sleeveless dress made with a high collared neckline. Both these have a fitted bodice top, natural waistline, and skirt width. A slim sheath-line is also in the picture. The newest dresses in this category show bosom emphasis, a taut midriff, and peg-top skirt narrowing to the hemline.

There are, too, the square-shouldered sheath, stripped clean of detail, and the dress with a low back, rolling from a high or low front usually marked by a bow. Any of the abovementioned designs will look twice as summery and new made in flowery print.

The dress illustrated at right is typical of the summer daytime mood. The design is sleeveless, with a neat bodice top and skirt width. A paper pattern for the dress is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Details of how to order are given in the caption.

Newest playtime fashion is a one-piece (or sometimes two-piece) play garment plus a skirt. The newness lies in the fact that the playsuit has a bodice top deliberately designed to follow current dress fashions. Once the skirt is donned, it gives no clue to the fact the ensemble started out as a beach casual.

Examples: Pink denim bloomer-suit with the bodice cut camisole style plus a matching skirt deeply pleated. The two add up to a chic one-piece dress.

Fitted knee-length shaped pants with a matching halter top takes a matching button-front skirt for the street.



D.S. 54: ONE-PIECE sleeveless dress, Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THIS season there is a practical outlook to blouses and to the separate jacket. Both garments have been popularised by the fashion for "separates." A blouse can be deliberately planned, designed, and matched to a skirt—or it can have the chameleon-like ability to change the character of a basic skirt.

Example: A button-down casual shirt worn with a simple button-front skirt together can be translated into a one-piece dress. The same skirt worn with a contrasting halter-top becomes a resort casual. A basic shirtwaist blouse in both long and short sleeved version is a top fashion for a dozen different occasions.

The blouses have action half-pleats stitched down at either side in back, split shirt-tails, and pointed or rounded collar.

Style details include plain matching collar and flared French cuffs on striped cottons; colored pique accents white pique; and pique is also used for a cat's-whisker bow on a shirt collar. Then there is the waistcoat shirt two-some and the blouse with the collar-band neckline.

The party blouse this season has become really romantic and lovely.

Example: Pink cotton organdie made with a double shawl-collar, finished with slim-fitting, elbow-length sleeves, bordered by two circular frills—between the frills pink organdie roses.

THE cotton topper, a little more important than a separate jacket, is a summer fashion story in itself. The topper is always simple in cut, but has endless variety. Lengths generally just cover the widest part of the hips, but even lengths vary.

Examples: A black-and-white speckled cotton tweed with black linen bands at edges is slightly barrel-shaped and hip-length. White pique with a cotton flower-printed lining takes a middy silhouette. Mimosa-yellow linen jacket is bloused at the back. The bloused effect is created by a deep, inverted side pleat coming from a snug-fitted hipline band.



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★ *As I read the stars* ★ By ★
★ EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Tiffs with the beloved or the marriage partner could mar September 24. In some instances disputes with associates are indicated. September 25 is fine for romance and outings generally.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Business agreements and extra money earned or saved are a feature of September 25. September 27 inclines towards minor illnesses or small domestic upsets.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A visit from Dame Fortune could brighten September 22 with an invitation or a little windfall. September 27 favors short journeys, trips, picnics, and other outings.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): You couldn't choose a better day than September 22 for cleaning house, shifting furniture, or going over your wardrobe. September 23 is also good if buying for the home.

LEO (July 23-August 22): An expedition into new territory might thrill you on September 27, which also smiles on family social life. September 28 is ace-high for business deals and arrangements.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): There is danger of losing a sum of money or personal property on September 24. September 28 is good for buying and selling.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Make all possible use of charm and personal magnetism to push your interests. September 25, especially in the evening. Expect some pleasant unexpected news on September 27, 28.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 23): Developments below the surface may warm your heart on September 23, but be very cautious and diplomatic in all relationships, September 26.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Club meetings may be a headache, or extra responsibilities may be shoved on you, September 22. Love affairs and social activity flourish on September 24.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Arrange business appointments, write letters to those in authority, September 23. Ask no favors, begin no negotiations, September 24.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Travel plans and holiday possibilities can be happily explored, September 22. The weekend is ideal for short trips and fresh scenery.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): September 24 inclines to minor mishaps and annoying blunders you could have avoided. September 28 drops a small gift in your lap.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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5. WOOL TAILORS WONDERFULLY — it cuts, makes up, drapes to perfection.	6. WOOL HOLDS ITS COLOUR — it dyes beautifully, makes colour live.
7. WOOL IS FLAME-RESISTANT — it does not support flame, won't flare up.	

**ONLY WOOL
HAS ALL SEVEN**

far above the tree-level, with the straight ski-tracks running down them. A place of peace, where everything seemed simple and plain.

The skis clamped on her boots felt entirely familiar. She had not forgotten the balance, the skill acquired effortlessly in the long winters of her childhood.

Ruth looked marvellous, Griselda thought dispassionately. She wore black ski-ing breeches and a white water-proof jacket, severely plain. Her curls were flat golden coins under the net she had tied over her head. She checked herself at the bottom of the slope, but did not stop, swinging from a beautiful Christy straight on down the next hill.

"Will she know the way?" James asked doubtfully.

"The tracks are pretty plain," Griselda said. "And there are signposts when you come to the wood—or there used to be."

It was half-an-hour before they caught up with Ruth. Griselda knew that if she had been alone she could have overtaken her whenever she pleased. But there were James and Bob to be considered, neither of them as yet entirely at ease on his skis.

"But it's surprising, really, how little one has forgotten," James said, as they ran side by side down a gentle gradient. "Ten years since I've done this. And you?"

"Eleven," Griselda said. "It's marvellous—even better than I remembered."

They rested for a moment side by side, waiting for Bob to catch them up.

"I used to have a queer feeling about the mountains when I was a child," Griselda said. "I thought they knew the truth about you—the deepest, most naked truth. And that, if they chose, they would lay it bare."

James looked at her curiously. "I wonder," he said, "what they would find to expose in you. You're very straightforward, aren't you, patient Griselda?"

"I dare say," she answered. "He didn't know what she felt about Ruth. Or about him. Probably he would never know. But this holiday was her

chance. Here on her own ground she might defeat Ruth. She was the better skier of the two anyway.

"Come on," she said to James. "We can go on! Bob has nearly caught us up."

Ruth was waiting for them where tracks narrowed and twisted, slippery with ice, into the wood.

"You'd better lead here, Griselda," she said. "I don't know the way."

Griselda led the way, tackling the ground cautiously, waiting at frequent intervals for the two men.

"They're a nuisance, aren't they," Ruth said. "You and I could be at the bottom by now. Let's push them down on to the nursery slopes tomorrow and do a run on our own."

"It seems a bit unkind—"

"Rubbish, my dear. They'll be very happy. Unless, of course, you'd rather stay with James."

It was a challenge, and something which was not at all patient urged Griselda to answer it briskly.

"I'd like to do run a with you alone," she said. "What about the Strand? That's short and sweet. We could get to the hotel by lunch-time, if you liked."

"Splendid," Ruth said.

The next day was bright, with little wind. Ruth and Griselda got up early, standing in the queue for the funicular while James and Bob were at breakfast.

"What's the Standard like?" Ruth inquired casually.

"Strep," said Griselda curtly.

Today there was no waiting. Griselda took the lead and did not look back. Ruth had challenged her and she meant to show no mercy.

There were slopes that were like the roof of a house; to be taken as steeply as one dared, or criss-crossed cautiously.

Griselda, beginning with a gentle zig-zag, ran with increasing speed at ever sharper angles. Ruth, not far behind, took some nasty tumbles but

Continuing . . . Ladies' Race

from page 3

she didn't falter. Finally, a little breathless, they stood side by side two thousand feet below their starting point.

"Interesting if we'd timed it," Ruth said coolly. She took off her ski-ing gloves and blood dropped on to the snow.

"How did you scratch your hand?" Griselda exclaimed.

"Caught it on a buried branch in one of my tumbles," Ruth said, wrapping a handkerchief around the cut. "I thought it was bleeding but the pace was too fast to inquire. Don't worry, it's nothing."

But it was one up to Ruth, Griselda thought, as they sat at lunch with James and Bob. One up in a fantastic way, James' face was tender and admiring as he looked at that bandaged hand.

The week which followed was full with curious tensions. How many times James was aware of Griselda she didn't know. His eyes were on Ruth through the brilliant days on the mountain-side, and it was with Ruth that he danced at night in the warm, gaily lighted ballroom of the big hotel next door.

And Ruth and Griselda were engaged in a duel. Wordless, with thrust and parry kept far below the surface, but both of them knew exactly what they were fighting for. Every ski-run was their field of combat. Every turn or tumble, a score for or against them. Because—always—James was watching. And above them, silent and snow-covered, the mountains waited.

Two days before their holiday ended there was a Ladies' Race on the Standard Run, with points both for speed and for no falls.

"Might as well—though I don't think I've much of a chance. What about you, Griselda?" asked Ruth.

"I don't like racing," Griselda said. "I've seen too many nasty accidents in my time."

"Oh rot, darling! You must enter."

After that, of course, there was no choice.

Snow fell all that night, but in the morning it was clear.

"No one will make very good time," Ruth observed, as they went up in the funicular. "This thick soft stuff is bound to slow everything down."

They were to start at two-minute intervals, and all the way down the precipitous slopes people were stationed to count falls and to give assistance.

"We're among the first to start, thank goodness," Griselda said. "I hate waiting."

She wrapped her warm scarf closer round her neck, pulled on her mittens, tested the surface of her skis. A wind had risen, howling dismally round the group on the mountain top. There was more snow coming.

There was no audience, up here at the starting point, for those who wanted to see the race gathered at the top of the nursery slopes, where the finish was a straight run between ropes. Bob and James would be there, Griselda knew, looking up the mountain to see Ruth and herself come down. Ruth and herself—the winner and the loser. This was the final challenge between the two of them, and both knew it.

They were off—a schoolgirl first, Ruth second. When she started off herself, everything blurred before Griselda's eyes, and then cleared again as she ran smoothly down the first long slope.

When she was halfway down, it began to snow heavily, blindingly.

"My chance!" Griselda thought exultantly. "Mountains—you're here!"

For she was not hampered by lack of vision. She knew this run too well. She would gain seconds, now, at every turn, while Ruth must hesitate and look for a way. There was a song in her heart as she whizzed down a gully where ice was treacherous under soft snow.

"I'm coming, James," she

whispered. "I've beaten her this once at least—"

It was then she heard the desperate cry for help. The schoolgirl! She must have fallen. In the heavy snowing, Griselda had been unable to see her. As she checked and faltered the cry came again.

There was only one thing to do—and Griselda did it. She took off her skis and began to climb back up the gully. It took a long time. The way was icy and steep.

Far below Ruth would have met James by now. Dramatic the finish, alone in the whirling snow—Griselda could see it all. The vision hurt.

"I'm here. What shall I do?" The voice was young, frightened, striving for control.

"Keep still," Griselda said. "You're hurt?"

"My arm—I fell and twisted it—I can't get my ski off—"

"All right. Steady—"

She undid the skis and pushed them aside, well into the deep snow. Then dragged the girl after her. Now they were out of the way of others who would come down. The arm was broken, by the way it hung. It would happen here, of course, halfway between two of the judges' places, with this heavy snow hiding everything.

"Take it easy," she said to the blue-lipped girl. "Someone'll come in a minute to get you down."

"Hi!" It was a hail from below.

Griselda yodelled back.

"Ah," said a man's voice. "Thought it must be about here."

One man appeared, climbing up on skis, expertly. A guide. Another man behind him on foot. James.

"It can't be," Griselda said. "Not here—"

But it was James all right. "See," the guide said. "This is how we do it."

He bent, picked the girl up in his arms, steadied himself, and started down the hill.

"He'll carry her to the bottom," Griselda said. "She's

quite light. I've seen it done before. Marvellous balance."

They were alone with the girl's skis and the guide's ski-sticks.

"Where did you spring from?" she said to James.

"I thought I'd like to see more of the race than the finish. So I came to the halfway station on the funicular, and walked across to the track. I'd just got here when that girl crashed. I didn't know what to do so I ran for help—I'd caught a glimpse of a man on skis below me as I came from the funicular. It took me ages to get down to him in this snow!"

"It would—I know the rest," she said. "You climbed back here—"

"No," James said quietly. "You don't know the rest. You couldn't. You were out of sight. But Ruth wasn't."

"Ruth? She started off before me."

"Yes, and when the kid called for help, Ruth swerved and passed her. And went on." "Perhaps she couldn't stop. It's a very steep place," Griselda said.

"She could have come back. You came back. But Ruth, I suppose, was too determined to win."

There was bitterness in his voice, disillusion in his eyes. Griselda was speechless, too shocked to be triumphant.

Suddenly James turned to her. "You said it once—about the mountains knowing the truth of one. The deepest, most naked truth. They've chosen to lay it bare today."

His arm was on her shoulders drawing her close.

"Patient Griselda," he said. "Very patient with my folly. Darling, the time for patience is over."

He tilted her face to meet his. Above them, veiled in snow, the mountains watched with approval.

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GINGER ROGERS

Perennial Ginger Rogers is the latest Hollywood star to turn her acting talents to playing a has-been actress on the screen.

THE picture—a bright and penetrating commentary on a mature Broadway stage star who refuses to relinquish youthful, romantic roles—is titled "Forever Female." It is Ginger's fourth straight comedy role in two years.

William Holden and Paul Douglas co-star in this Paramount production.

In reality Ginger Rogers is a good example of a glamor star who has successfully weathered the years.

Her career appears to be safe and her looks are still whistle-worthy.

Ginger is known as an ambitious, versatile actress with a capacity for hard work. She is also a shrewd business woman.

At her own insistence, she has taken musicals, light comedy, drama, and straight roles all along the road from Charleston days to her present smooth line in sophisticated entertainment.

She could hardly be in better shape physically. At 42, her skin is admirable, and the combination of bronze complexion, blue eyes, and light blond hair is striking. Ginger's figure, of course, is superb, due mainly to a combination of careful diet and athletics.

Ginger (real name Virginia Katherine McMath) was a freckle-faced 11-year-old when she won a Charleston dancing contest in Texas.

Aided and abetted by her determined mother, Lela Rogers, who has always been a big influence in her life, Ginger was dancing on Broadway within a comparatively few years.

In 1931 she started her marathon screen career with three pictures for Paramount, including the successful "Young Man from Manhattan."

But it was when the dance-romance team of Astaire and Rogers whirled into being in 1933 that Ginger won her first real film acclaim.

During the years that followed, Ginger Rogers made pictures for practically every major film company. She even took a flutter in the independent field with her own production, "The Magnificent Doll."

There are still people who are prepared to argue that Ginger reached her exhilarating screen best with Fred Astaire in gay musical romances like "Flying Down to Rio," in which they introduced the intricate Carioca.

With "The Gay Divorcee," "Roberta," "Top Hat," "Follow the Fleet," and "Shall We Dance?," Ginger became everybody's darling.

Determined not to be typed as Astaire's partner, in 1938 she announced that "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" would end her association with Astaire.

It did. But after a ten-year-long break Astaire and Rogers re-

teamed to make "The Barkleys of Broadway."

Studio bosses were horrified when Ginger sought dramatic roles. But she took the dramatic plunge in "The Primrose Path" and emerged satisfactorily.

In 1940 her work as a white-collar girl in "Kitty Foyle" won an Academy Award and added to her popularity.

"Roxie Hart," made about this time, was her most startling film experiment. But the picture was a box-office flop.

Pleasant trifles like "The Major and the Minor," "Once Upon a Honeymoon," and the ultra-glamorous "Lady in the Dark" were among Ginger's post-war pictures.

She made the Ku Klux Klan drama "Storm Warning" before returning to Broadway in 1951, after an absence of 20 years, in the play "Love and Let Love."

Critics panned the play but praised Ginger. The show folded six weeks later.

At this point a less doughty trouper might have given up. But not Ginger!

Hollywood welcomed her back with three pictures, one after the other. They were "We're Not Married," a comedy in which she played the wife of Fred Allen, and "Dreamboat," a biting burlesque on American television, which gave Ginger a chance to display her dancing talent again.

In the farcical "Monkey Business," Ginger put Cary Grant through his paces in a slow waltz and a jitterbug number.

It looks as though Ginger Rogers has reason to feel confident of her future career, what with a new deal in pictures beginning and a hefty contract for a year-long television series in her pocket.

In fact, she is such a busy woman nowadays that she hasn't much time to spend at her palatial home in the Hollywood hills.

The Rogers home is an impressive, nine-room American farmhouse-style residence set in three acres of land.

The large swimming-pool and tennis courts have hardly been used since their owner returned to Hollywood.

"I'm too busy trying to be a success all over again," Ginger admits. "What with reading scripts, appearing in one picture after another, and tackling umpteen things at once, it's just like old times."

Ginger has had four husbands. Three of them she divorced. Vaudeville actor Jack Culpepper was her first husband.

Her second, movie actor Lew Ayres, she married in 1934.

Marine Sergeant Jack Briggs came next. They were married in 1943 and they were together seven years.

Most talked-about wedding of the lot was Ginger's marriage early this year to young Frenchman Jacques Bergerac, which took place in the picturesque South of France.





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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ **Stalag 17**
PARAMOUNT'S "Stalag 17" is a comedy-melodrama about a group of American servicemen who become dormitory mates while imprisoned in a German P.O.W. camp during World War II.

It's a picture in which laughs come easily and often. No attempt is made to probe below this level.

The humor is broad and elementary, and action relies heavily on the slapstick antics with which the prisoners seek to make their situation bearable.

Rowdy pranks, horseplay with the dumb German guards, and a ludicrous attempt to invade a nearby compound where Russian women are imprisoned are typical of this aspect of "Stalag."

The knowledge that one of their group is an informer introduces a serious note into goings-on.

Suspicion that he is the stool-pigeon falls on tough opportunist prisoner William Holden.

How he eventually manages

to flush out the real culprit and make a break for freedom provides some engrossing cinema.

Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Otto Preminger, and Don Taylor are members of the sizable cast.

In Sydney—Victory.

★★ **Springfield Rifle**
WITH Gary Cooper turning in his usual efficient performance, Warners' "Springfield Rifle" contains better than average interest.

The title is a bit misleading, because the rifle plays a minor though decisive role in the somewhat jumbled story of espionage and horse rustling during the American Civil War.

Throughout the film, which is photographed in Warner Color, there is enough action to hold attention, and the characterisations are believable.

To find out who is behind the rustling gang which steals army horses and sells them to enemy forces, gallant Major Gary Cooper is cashiered from the Union Army.

This gives him a chance to

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

join up with the renegade faction and unmask its leader, as well as win recognition for the new rifle as an effective weapon of war.

A minor sub-theme concerns Cooper's screen wife, Phyllis Thaxter, and their adolescent son.

David Brian, Paul Kelly, and Philip Carey give good support.

In Sydney—Plaza.

PRINCESS MARGARET is asking to see the film now all the rage of London, "Roman Holiday." It is the story of a princess who falls in love with a commoner. No reference intended, of course, by the film, but you can't say it isn't topical. It is also a good film and has received high praise from the critics and fulfils the prediction made by this column two years ago that fledgling Audrey Hepburn—here co-starring with Gregory Peck—would one day become a big star.

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CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL—★★★ "Lady in the Dark," technicolor fantasy, starring Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Plus "Disaster," drama, starring Richard Denning, Trudy Marshall. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY—★ "Hans Christian Andersen," technicolor musical fantasy, starring Danny Kaye, Jeanne Aron, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC—★★ "The Crimson Pirate," technicolor adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Eva Bartok. Plus ★ "Pride of Kentucky," racing drama, starring Shirley Temple, Lon McCallister. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY—★ "Gift Horse," naval drama, starring Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE AND REGENT—★★★ "Moulin Rouge," technicolor drama, starring Jose Ferrer, Colette Marchand. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY—★★★ "The Story of Three Loves," technicolor romantic drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Pier Angeli, Leslie Caron, James Mason. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—★ "Prince of Pirates," technicolor adventure drama, starring John Derek, Barbara Rush. Plus ★ "The Glass Wall," drama, starring Vittorio Gassman, Gloria Grahame.

LYRIC—★★ "I Love Melvin," technicolor musical, starring Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds. Plus ★ "Right Cross," boxing drama, starring Ricardo Montalban, June Allyson. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR AND PARK—★ "Angel Face," drama, starring Jean Simmons, Robert Mitchum. Plus "Alimony," drama, starring Martha Vickers, John Beal.

PLAZA—★★ "Springfield Rifle," WarnerColor Western, starring Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter, David Brian. Plus ★ "The Last Page," drama, starring George Brent, Marguerite Chapman, Diana Dors.

PRINCE EDWARD—★★ "Military Policemen," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Mickey Rooney, Marilyn Maxwell. Plus "The Gambler and the Lady," mystery, starring Dane Clark, Kathleen Byron.

SAVOY—★★ "The Seven Deadly Sins," French-language omnibus film, starring Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philipe, Francoise Rosay.

VICTORY—★★ "Stalag 17," war comedy, starring William Holden, Don Taylor. (See review this page.) Plus "Breakdown," boxing drama, starring William Bishop, Ann Richards.

Films not yet reviewed

PALACE—★ "Every Minute Counts," suspense drama, starring Teresa Wright, Macdonald Carey. Plus "Gambling House," crime drama, starring Victor Mature, Terry Moore. (Re-release.)

STATE—★ "Thunder Bay," 3-D technicolor drama, starring James Stewart, Dan Duryea, Joanne Dru. Plus "Sally and St. Anne," comedy, starring Ann Blyth, Edmund Gwenn.

ST. JAMES—★ "Dangerous When Wet," technicolor romance, starring Esther Williams, Fernando Lamas. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY—★ "Girls of Pleasure Island," technicolor romantic comedy, starring Leo Genn, Don Taylor, Joan Egan, Dorothy Bromley. Plus "S.O.S. Submarine," sea drama.

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NP12

From Under My Hat

THE biggest event at Metro in the early 'thirties was the making of "Rasputin and the Empress," starring all the Barrymores. When Ethel arrived at M.G.M., all the dressing-rooms except one were in use. That one belonged to Garbo, who was in Europe on a vacation.

"All right," Ethel said brusquely, "I'll take it."

The studio shuddered at the idea of turning over the keys, even to her. No one had ever been inside the place except Garbo's colored maid, Ursula, who, incidentally, drew her salary from the studio. But Ethel had a way of insisting and got the keys. I was with her when she threw open the door. "Heavens above!" she cried. "It's the Black Hole of Calcutta!"

Sure enough, it was. The walls were midnight blue; the chairs were uncomfortable, fragile French gilt.

"I can't breathe in a place like this," Ethel complained.

So the art department got busy and covered the walls with chintz, carefully tacking it over the blue paint. They brought in chintz-covered easy chairs and made it livable according to Ethel's standards.

Ethel glared at a heating apparatus in the corner. "What is this hideous thing?" she asked.

"Radiator. When the weather gets cold you need one," they told her.

"Take it out!" she intoned. "I won't be here when it's cold." Until it was removed she wouldn't go on the set.

Metro had every reason to please Ethel. It was quite a feather in the studio's cap to bring the three Barrymores together in the only picture that featured them. Every role in the film had been sought after by leading actors and actresses.

John Lodge, now Governor of Connecticut, was starring at another studio in a few minor efforts, when his wife, the beautiful Francesca Braggiotti, decided she'd get into the Barrymore film. She had one important scene to do with the mad monk Rasputin, played by Lionel, and Francesca didn't intend to let anything hinder it. When she wasn't working she sat on the set watching Lionel like a leopardess.

Lionel had a habit of tilting his chair against the scenery and falling sound asleep. If the chair tilted too far, he could fall over and break his neck—then what would happen to Francesca and the rape scene she was to do with him? She made like a fireman on duty backstage. Every time Lionel's chair tilted, she was right on watch.

The day came for the rape scene, and a sinister bit of business it was, too. All of us who weren't working rallied round to watch. Francesca, with her own beautiful blond hair flowing almost to her knees, was a vision. Lionel gave his all. But you never saw it on the screen.

The rape of Francesca fell on the cutting-room floor.

When "Rasputin and the Empress" was completed, Garbo's dressing-room was stripped of all the Barrymore chintz and put back exactly as it was before. When Garbo returned she never dreamed that her quarters had been invaded by the matriarch of the American theatre—unless she felt the aura of Ethel's presence.

The studio went all out to entertain prominent personages. Being under contract to M.G.M. during the Louis B. Mayer-Irving Thalberg reign, when Leo the Lion's roar meant the best picture in town, I was deputised to show celebrated guests around the lot when I wasn't acting.

Once I hit the jackpot. The guest was none other than General Douglas MacArthur, as handsome a gent as it's been my privilege to see—before or since.

I was so impressed I couldn't resist asking for his photograph. "Only if you'll give me yours," he said gallantly.

So I got his picture. I took it for granted that mine would wind up in some military wastebasket. During World War II, I'd look at MacArthur's picture and smile over the remembrance of a happier day.

That was my one and only contact with him until the late spring of 1951, when he was bounced out of his job by Presi-



VETERAN actress Ethel Barrymore caused a flutter in the early '30's when she arrived in Hollywood to make "Rasputin and the Empress," which starred all the Barrymores—John, Lionel, and Ethel.

I'll never get over his remembering after all those years.

During the Olympic Games of 1932 my duties as hostess were more frequent than my sound-stage jobs. Metro put on quite a show for the athletes, especially the Swedish delegation, for some reason. What a job I had rounding up the important Swedes in town to meet the competitors.

Parties were given by social and civic leaders. The Japanese swimming champions were lavishly entertained. The whole thing was like a rehearsal for the United Nations.

Hollywood fell hook, line, and sinker for a visiting maharajah

And on the maharajah's arm? That clever little Negro actress, Nina Mae McKinney. When we left the party she was still the charm that dangled from his arm. None of us got even so much as the glint of a jewel.

I checked with Nina Mae later. She hadn't collected anything, either. The maharajah's Press agent earned a year's salary with the story of the jewels, which, like so many Hollywood stories, was a dream-up.

We turned the tables on Winston Churchill when he came to Metro for lunch. He was under contract to W. R. Hearst at the time, so cocktails were served in Marion Davies' bungalow. Mr. Hearst, our host, hovered over the whole affair, smiling benignly.

After a while we filed into the largest sound stage and sat down to a five-course luncheon.

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sang a duet. Larry Tibbett did "The Road to Mandalay," a sort of Shanghai gesture to Winnie.

Towards the end of the feast, when everyone was in a mellow mood, Fred Niblo, toastmaster, introduced Churchill and asked him to say a few words—off the record.

Churchill wasn't as tubby then as he is today, but, with his round, pink cheeks, he did look like a mature cherub. I've always wished that his father, as well as his mother, had been born in America; then we could have taken advantage of that great and glorious mind.

Smilingly he complied with Niblo's request, made a little speech, then sat down. Niblo said slyly, "Mr. Churchill's speech was so delightful I'm sure everyone would like to hear it again." From the four corners of the sound stage, loudspeakers blasted the speech. Winnie's startled look changed to horror. At that time the last thing he wanted to do was talk for the record. What he said was carried in all the Hearst newspapers far and wide. How was Churchill to know that a microphone had been hidden in the flower arrangements in front of his place? Hollywood had a million little tricks like this and used them all.

Ever notice that when bad days come all your hard luck seems to have been waiting to fall on you like a ton of bricks?

To be continued



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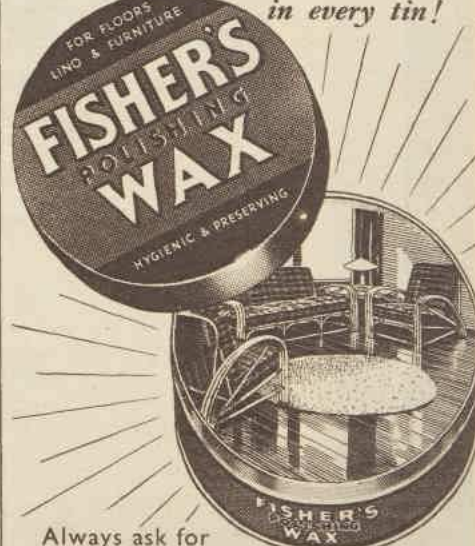
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By HEDDA HOPPER

dent Harry Truman and returned to New York to receive a hero's welcome.

I can be a fan, too! In New York for the Newspaper Publishers' Convention, I neglected my business to haunt the lobby of the Waldorf Towers in hope of catching a glimpse of the General and his sweet wife. But I kept missing them.

The day came when I was invited to sit in the reviewing stand at a big parade which MacArthur was to review on Fifth Avenue. Glory be! I was seated just a couple of seats away from the General and his wife!

Believe it or not, I kept my mouth shut and stared at that wonderful man. I was introduced to Mrs. MacArthur, who pulled the General by the sleeve and said, "Look who's here."

"Why, Hedda," said MacArthur, "how are you? I'll bet you didn't keep that photograph I sent you."

SYNOPSIS: From her home in Hollywood former stage star Hedda Hopper sees the rapid growth of the movie industry over the years. Many of the top names of the industry are included in her circle of friends.

Big-name theatrical personalities and writers join the trek to America's West Coast.

Given her chance in "The Torrent," Swedish actress Grete Garbo is a success. Myrna Loy makes a promising start in pictures.

The advent of sound in Hollywood ends the careers of some silent stars, among them John Gilbert. Loyally, Garbo insists that Gilbert be given the romantic lead in her film "Queen Christina." NOW READ ON:

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and pedalled rapidly down the paved road to Eccleston, the little bronze Pan slapping against his side.

But in spite of the friendly contact, his mood was darkening as he visualised the reception that probably awaited him. There would be Agnes, his wife, and the endless inquisition, deviation from the established schedules and the routine order of things upset her.

Agnes Menafee was older than her husband—older and stronger. She was a tall woman with an abundance of straw-colored hair piled loosely on her head. Its softness was neutralised somehow by a certain frostiness that crept into her eyes.

Firm, intolably secure behind the limitations of her nature, she was capable and efficient. She was also completely unimaginative. She had organised the world as she had organised her school and was constantly on the alert for infractions on the part of either.

Daughter of a well-to-do merchant of Chester, deceased, she had bought the school with her inheritance and turned it into a precise factory designed to stuff just enough culture and education into the young of the middle-class to ensure the perpetuation of the pattern.

With the school a paying proposition she had cast about her for a consort. The dreary fragility of Henry Menafee, then a starveling instructor of Greek and Latin in her employ, attracted her inflexible domineering nature. After a brief courtship she had married him. Menafee had had neither the strength nor the skill to escape.

Home at last, Menafee found himself soared the immediate interrogation as to his absence and whereabouts, due to the presence of a stranger closeted in his study with Mrs. Menafee. The state of the tea-table indicated that the business was about at an end, in fact the stranger was just in the act of rising when Menafee entered.

"Well, Henry . . . Mrs. Menafee was able to say no more before the man seized upon the identification with: "Ah! Splendid. This would

Continuing . . .

The Romance of Mr. Menafee

[from page 10]

be the headmaster. I am glad I waited to make your acquaintance. Mrs. Menafee has been so kind as to . . .

Mrs. Menafee swept her husband into what was apparently the tail end of a faint accompaniment: "Henry, this is Mr. Bothenford—Bothenford's Cheshire Cheese. He is placing his ah—" and here there was just a flicker of hesitation, a glance exchanged between her and the man—"nephew Peter in our care."

Mr. Bothenford pumped Menafee's hand saying: "Excellent. Mrs. Menafee assured me that the necessary discipline would not be lacking. Stern discipline." He was a solid man in solid clothes. He wore a solid moustache and a solid watch chain. He gave the impression wherever he happened to be, seated or standing, that he had taken root there.

Menafee groped for light. "Naturally," he began, when Bothenford overrode him saying: "Unusual, rather, as I told Mrs. Menafee, the circumstances, but . . ." "Quite," interrupted Mrs. Menafee, determination gleaming from her frosty eyes, "but we are prepared to deal with them. Naturally, a child with such a dreadful background . . ."

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Bothenford, still pumping Menafee's hand, but looking at Mrs. Menafee. "Your husband of course will have no objection."

"Of course not. I will explain everything."

"Excellent," said Mr. Bothenford with great relief, and uprooted his solid self. He added another layer to his exterior with coat and bowler hat. "This would be Tuesday. I will arrange at once for the necessary papers and will conduct him here myself on Saturday, let us say after tea. Goodbye, Mr. Menafee. Goodbye, Mrs. Menafee. Until Saturday."

Out of the snatches of conversation, Menafee gathered that a new pupil was to be added to the comfortable roster of the school under circumstances yet to be explained.

When Mrs. Menafee returned from seeing Mr. Bothenford to the door, he was surprised to see a worried look on her face in place of her usual expression of firm, unquestioned authority. Instead of demanding at once to know why he had not returned from the solicitor at two o'clock as scheduled, she said: "I wish you had been here to advise me, Henry. I hope I have done right." Then with a tightening of her lips she repelled doubts cast upon her own authority from within herself as she repelled all attacks from without, and added, "Of course it was right. A hundred and forty pounds . . ."

"A hundred and forty pounds," repeated Menafee in surprise. Chisholm Manor School's fee of a hundred pounds the term was considered high.

STILL with tightened lips, Mrs. Menafee was saying, "A circus boy, the child of an acrobat, a common mountebank . . ."

Menafee looked up quickly at the word "circus" to see whether by some chance his wife might have happened upon his adventure of the afternoon. The full import of what she had said had not registered. But her face had that overlay of smoothness, that bland texture of skin that comes from the conviction of inner rectitude, and it was impossible to tell.

Her mouth became compressed by the memory of outrage and she said: "It's a shocking story. Shocking. Poor Mr. Bothenford. He's acted rather nobly under the circumstances." And having established the credo and conclusion she launched into her account of the afternoon's development.

It appeared that Mr. Bothenford had had a younger sister Mary, who made what was considered an excellent match, marrying, at the urging of her family, a respected middle-aged clergyman from Chester,

a Rev. Bracken. After the wedding they had gone to Brighton on their honeymoon, and since Mr. Bracken was poor had quite properly taken lodgings rather than waste money on an hotel.

Mrs. Menafee's face expressed approval of this pious conservatism. But it hardened again as she approached the crux of the story.

There was some kind of vulgar circus performing in Brighton at the time and certain members of the troupe were occupying rooms in the same lodging house, and it was there that Mary met Nick Montesanto, a fellow of low origin, half Italian, half Greek, an acrobat, a common tumbler.

Menafee's thin face and eager eyes were now bent with living interest on the tall, severe figure of his wife. In his mind he formed the words: "And they fell in love," but Mrs. Menafee put it otherwise.

"She became infatuated with the fellow," she stated, and added, "On her honeymoon. Utterly disgusting . . ."

She paused to give her husband the opportunity to confirm her repugnance. But although Menafee's countenance remained unchanged, his thoughts were rebellious.

They refused somehow to dwell on the tragedy of the middle-aged clergyman robbed of his girl-ride.

An acrobat and a common tumbler! Menafee's mind clothed the body of the interloper in the skin tight and spangles of the men who had swooped and flashed across the tent top that afternoon.

Mrs. Menafee continued, her voice sharpened with indignation, breaking in upon his vision. The girl had run away with him. When the circus left Brighton, she had gone with it. For more than ten years there had been no word from her.

Nothing had occurred to break the silence of the scandalous disappearance until one day Bothenford had received a brief note from one of the performers in the circus advising

him of the death of Mary and Nick Montesanto after an accident. With it was enclosed another from Mary to her brother, begging him to look after the boy she had borne to Montesanto.

Something seemed to be closing about Menafee's heart, and unconsciously his hand slipped into his side pocket and closed about the bronze figurine.

"After all, she was his sister," said Mrs. Menafee, her tone indicating that this would not have weighed too much with her, in the circumstances. "He felt he had a duty towards her."

The duty, it transpired, was to take the boy orphan Peter, and educate him. The child was to be turned over to the Menafees. Bothenford was to see him once a year until such time as his education was completed and all memory of his former existence erased. Then Mr. Bothenford was willing to take him into his business.

The clamp on Menafee's heart tightened. He tried to speak and found his voice so strangely hoarse he had to pause to clear his throat.

"And the boy?" he asked. "Where did Bothenford find him?"

"At Chester, oddly enough, performing with some troupe outside the city. He had a letter in answer to his inquiries, advising him the circus was coming here. He will arrange to claim him tomorrow."

Menafee went slowly to his desk and sat down so that his wife might not see his face. Before his eyes was the picture of the little brown figure so straight and proud and free standing beside the painted waggon. He heard again his wife's voice like the pronouncement of a sentence, "when his education is completed, Bothenford is willing to take him into his business . . ."

He said, "Ought we to do this, Agnes?"

Even as he spoke, Menafee, with a shudder, was seeing Pan imprisoned, a young god of an old world caged by the eternal

Philistines and himself cast in the role of warder.

"It's done," she replied abruptly, and then added, "A hundred and forty pounds is a lot of money . . ."

Menafee's thought was a bitter echo. A hundred and forty pounds wages as gaoler to a soaring spirit. And yet in the very bitterness there lay a gleam of hope. As turnkey, might he not unlock the gates a little, too, and let in the sunlight for the child?

Mrs. Menafee moved to the door but turned back an instant.

"We must be severe, Henry. A circus boy! There'll be no circus here . . ."

She went out, leaving him alone. Henry Menafee was suddenly and irrationally afraid.

The following Saturday, Peter Montesanto arrived at Chisholm Manor School, not a young god in silks and tinsel, but a quiet boy stuffed into shapeless clothes.

They were received in the headmaster's study where Menafee sat at his desk. At one side hovered Mrs. Menafee, tall, her straw-colored hair drawn from her face seeming to stretch the smooth skin more tightly still, her eyes coldly appraising.

The boy came in, propelled ahead of his massive guardian. There was no fire in him, but neither did he appear to be frightened. His copper-colored hair had been dampened and plastered on his head in an effort to take the curl out of it. His clear gaze seemed to take in everything and everyone as he looked from one to the other, into the faces of Bothenford and the Menafees as though trying to read and judge his fate.

"Ah hum!" said Mr. Bothenford heavily and with considerable embarrassment. "Peter, this is Mr. Menafee. He will be in charge of your schooling."

Menafee had been quite prepared to have the boy recognise him and mention their meeting in the waggon alley behind the circus tents. But he only

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MORE ACTIVE FULL-STRENGTH CHLOROPHYLL IN KOLYNOS

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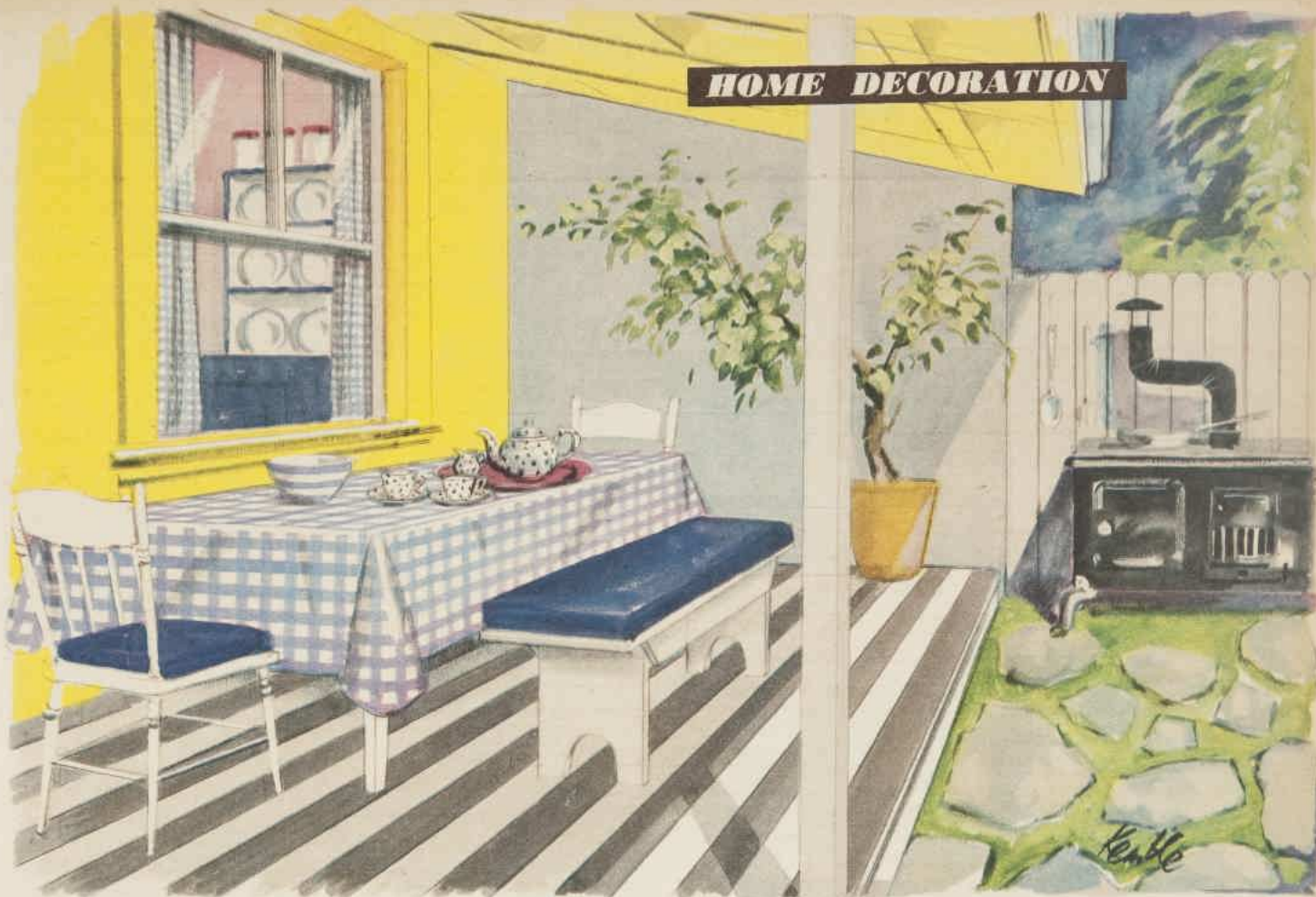
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● If you are lucky enough to have a house and garden, no matter how small, you can plan now so as to spend most of the summer and have most meals out-of-doors.

OUTDOOR LIVING

By JOAN MARTIN

DECORATION magazines are full of suggestions for "outdoor decor" and there are magnificent illustrations to show that outdoor living can be almost as glamorous as a Hollywood stage set.

But few people can afford such luxury, or, having acquired attractive garden furniture, give it the constant attention necessary to keep it in good order.

The moving out and bringing in is tiresome, so if you intend to leave furniture out in all weathers be sure to buy articles which are as weatherproof as possible.

All should be made of rust-proof iron, and the cushions should be covered in water-proof fabric.

If you have decided to be luxurious and get this outdoor furniture, you will find that much of it now available is comparatively inexpensive.

Alternatively, I have shown in the illustration above what imagination, paint, and a few inexpensive additions can do for the back verandah of a cottage.

This verandah is an ideal place for informal summer meals. It is shaded from the hottest sun, and the open kitchen window makes an ideal serving hatch, simplifying the work of setting up and clearing away the meal.

The big kitchen table is excellent for family dining and would be most useful for sewing, ironing, or as a play table for children.

The verandah is made distinctive by the unusual stripes on the verandah floor. This effect is achieved by painting the boards alternately grey and white with paving paint.

The same idea would be equally effective in another color scheme.

You may be asking why I have added the old-fashioned fuel stove. You may think it is ugly and spoils the picture.

It is an idea I have seen used in America, and which seemed to me most practical and not unattractive.

The stove takes the place of a barbecue fireplace, which is costly to have professionally built and is not always successful when built by a novice at such jobs.

The stove has the added advantage of serving as an oven for warming plates and keeping food hot.

The illustration at left is just a reminder for those who prefer to have their meals right out in the garden, and who are lucky enough to have a tree around which to build this simple table.

There is nothing new in the idea, but it is one you may have overlooked.

A meal outdoors should be in the picnic spirit and simplified in every way. A great help are the many attractive and inexpensive plastic or paper accessories available.

A "picnic basket" kept exclusively for the purpose is a good idea.

In this basket (or box) should be kept cutlery, pepper and salt cellars, sugar, jam, pickles, cups, plates, etc., always ready.

Paper plates and cups eliminate all the bother of washing up. Cold meals could be planned so that they can be eaten in the fingers.

By eliminating all unnecessary work you'll be able to enjoy your outdoor living this summer.



stepped forward, made a little bow, said: "How do you do, sir," and held out his hand.

Menafee took it. It was quite impersonal. There was none of the warmth and freedom of the grip he had experienced before, nor any sign of recognition.

Could it be possible, Menafee wondered, that in the brief moment of appraisal since he had come into the room, the child had observed that a reference to their previous meeting might be unwelcome, and embarrassing? One would hardly expect such keen perception and tact even from an older person. Menafee decided the boy did not remember him.

"Welcome to Chisholm Manor School, Peter. I hope that you will be happy here."

The boy looked up into his face, his eyes meeting Menafee's, and replied gravely, "I hope so too, sir."

Mr. Bothenford, speaking in the manner of one who has all his lines rehearsed and is anxious to get them spoken so that he might quit the stage, said, "Shake hands with Mrs. Menafee, Peter."

Peter made his little bow and said, "I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, ma'am."

Mrs. Menafee did not attempt to conceal her surprise. She regarded the boy as though the lenses of her eyes were microscopes and said: "Hmph! I see you've picked up manners somewhere. So much the better."

The boy appeared to shrink a little into his awkward clothing and the half defiant, half hurt look that came over his face went straight to Menafee's heart. He seemed to understand all at once the great gulf that separated circus people from others, their pride and resentment.

He wished he could say something to bridge this gulf, to make the boy feel more welcome, less like an outsider. But he was at a loss for words, though perhaps his struggle was mirrored on his face, for imperceptibly the boy moved away from Bothenford's side and closer to where Menafee was sitting.

Mr. Bothenford spoke what were obviously meant to be his

Continuing

exit lines. "Well now, Peter, I'm sure you are to be capably looked after. Apply yourself to your studies. Obey your masters, lad, and you'll not regret it. In a year's time you'll be quite a proper gentleman."

Menafee and his wife saw Mr. Bothenford to the door. When the headmaster returned alone to the study, Peter was standing in the same position by the desk. He looked lost in the clothes that were too large and heavy for the fineness of his limbs and frame, lost in the dark oak study, lost . . .

But he was not afraid. He looked up at Menafee with a curious kind of hunger in his eyes like a dog who in a roomful of strangers has unerringly sniffed out the one he can trust.

Menafee closed the door and sat down at his desk. From habit, his fingers closed upon the statuette, the little grinning Pan, but he laid it aside and addressed himself to the forlorn child.

"Peter, old man," he said, "it's going to be hard, and you've a proper fight ahead of you. You've got your own way to make with chaps your own age who won't understand you at first. This is a different world from what you have been accustomed to. But . . ."

The boy thought he had finished, for he said, "I know, sir. It's queer, ain't it? When you come around back after the show that day, you was the Gajo. Now it's me."

So he had remembered after all and yet had made no mention of it before the others. Was this the subtle wisdom of the trickster, the wandering mountebank, the furtive instinct of the circus gypsy? Or had the child's soul caught the scent of a kindred spirit in Menafee's presence at the circus? Had he unconsciously taken this means to establish a bond between himself and his new master?

Menafee hoped it was the latter. He asked: "What is a Gajo, Peter?"

"A Jossie, sir, an outsider."

The Romance of Mr. Menafee

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Wasn't that what you meant I was?"

The words echoed in Menafee's heart. Was there not always some desirable world close at hand that tantalised the mind and senses and where one did not belong? Was not he, too, in a sense an outsider?

"Do you miss the circus, Peter?"

"Yes, sir. Rather."

The simplicity and directness of the boy's replies were taking Menafee from his guard, but even more disturbing was the searching look deep in the wide-set, slightly slanted green eyes that gazed up at him, as though even while his outward sense was responding to Menafee, behind and within something quite different was going on, a kind of expectancy, a seeking . . .

HARDLY able to meet the boy's direct gaze, Menafee said, "We'll try to help you get over it. If things get too bad, come and see me. We'll talk things over."

But he heard the false ring of his own words. They were not the ones that struggled inside him, deep, hidden, heard as though rising from a bottomless well, distant and faint— "Go back! Fly back where there is freedom and beauty before it is too late . . ."

The hungry eyes were still upon him. Could they see into those dark depths of his soul, could he hear the message of that faint echo?

"Righto, sir," Peter said, "I will." He started to proffer his hand again, but withdrew it before the gesture was complete. Menafee was glad, for at the moment he felt he could not have borne the touch.

The toughness of the boy, his patience and resilience, baffled Menafee. Much later, he was to understand it, but during the long winter term that followed while Peter struggled with his lessons and his loneliness and

gave no sign of rebellion, it left Menafee bewildered and at times even in a sense disappointed.

But then he had but little knowledge of Peter's background and its effect upon him.

The world into which Peter had been born, where he had lived all of his scant years, was one of strict discipline, self-denial and sacrifice. It developed its own rules of conduct and living, but those rules were inexorable and one abided by them. He was therefore quite prepared to find this new outside world similarly constricted. If one could find out what its rules were, one could get along.

Youth is rarely tolerant, but tolerance is a great part of the creed of showfolk. Since he found himself enmeshed in circumstances too great to be circumvented for the moment, he was prepared to examine this new life and give it a reasonable trial.

The fact that his companions smelled him out as someone different, a creature far removed from all that was usual and comfortable to them, caused him little distress. He who had gazed about the country with the circus folk had learned the lesson that show people and Gillies do not mix.

The people of the audience who stamored and whistled and cheered their feats, who came to drink so thirstily at the fountain of their theatrical glamor held them in contempt when they met on the outside.

In self-defence, the men and women of the travelling shows reared their own fierce barriers of pride, and this pride was deeply ingrained in the boy. His profession and his training had made him hard-headed and wise beyond his years and yet had not robbed his nature of its childish qualities.

In the depths of his being, he was a boy, hungering for affection, missing his father and mother, who had been good to him and loved him. But to all other purposes he was a man. He had looked upon death and birth, pain and hardship as well as joy. He was endowed with

skills which enabled him to earn his living.

When the catastrophe of the loss of his parents had orphaned him, he had been accepted into the act of the Tigrani family on the basis of his ability as much as the natural kindly action of a circus troupe towards one of their own who had suffered misfortune.

His schoolmates were not the only ones who scented the dangerous fragrance of a being from another sphere. Mrs. Menafee resented him. His antecedents were an offence to her morality, his amenability deprived her of opportunities for discipline. And she was jealous of the affection she suspected growing between him and her husband.

Peter did not try to cross the barrier of authority that surrounded Menafee in the school. If he was lonely, or unhappy, or needed counsel, he kept it to himself. And yet his growing love for Menafee was manifested in other ways, the desire to please him with his work, the expression in his eye as he regarded him.

There was something hidden and puzzling about the headmaster that called to the boy. He was too young to know of the aura created about a person by love of freedom and deep-seated yearning for beauty.

As for Menafee, he loved a memory and watched with sadness as Peter yielded to the drab and colorless investiture of middle-class education. What had been the fiery figure of an ancient myth was turning, apparently, into a silent and docile small schoolboy, his copper crown crushed under the round school cap, the little body imprisoned in the starched shirts and short jackets of the uniform.

On Menafee the blight of duty descended once more. The glorious interlude of his small rebellion had faded, but there was still escape into antiquity. And if sometime the nymphs he re-created took on the aspect of the lovely dark-haired girl pirouetting on her white horse, or her liquid eyes glowed up at him from the pages of Greek

and Latin lectures he suppressed the pang of yearning and applied himself the harder to his work.

Spring came. The term was one day from its close, when it happened. Cries and the pounding of feet, the banging of doors, and throwing up of windows shattered the warm, still night and brought Menafee out of his sleep, groping for the light.

His wife was already at the door, pounding and calling: "Henry, come at once! Something has happened. That boy . . ."

He passed her standing in the hall, the woollen garment drawn over her nightdress outlining her unyielding figure, the candle she was holding revealing indignation rather than anxiety.

The cries came from above: "Help! Peter's gone out the window . . ."

Trembling, Menafee ran up the stairs. The dormitories at Chisholm Manor School were on the upper floor of the old three-story manor house and accommodated six boys to a room in charge of one of the older lads, who acted as proctor.

When he reached the room where Peter slept he saw the others ranged at the open window looking out, screaming and chattering. One of them was crying: "He didn't have any clothes on . . ."

With horror in his heart, Menafee brushed them aside to look. But there was no sign of Peter on the ground below and there was a bright spring moon that made light even the twisted shadows of the old oak and yew trees.

Menafee shouted: "Where is he? What has happened to him?"

Clarkin, the proctor, who had kept his head, said: "He went out like a proper little monkey. He can climb, you know." He must be up above . . .

Heavy, century-old vines with hard, gnarled stems like sailors' ropes clung to the side of the house and mounted to the eaves just overhead. Menafee looked out again and then

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YELLOW is no substitute for WHITE

I soon discovered... washing alone was not enough, it needs Reckitt's Blue in the last rinse to keep whites really white!

★ ALWAYS REMEMBER

the 3 steps to successful washing



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to remove loose dirt



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to stop whites turning yellow

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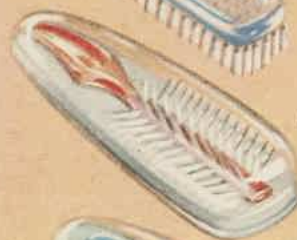
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 23, 1953

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turned from the windows saying: "Go to your beds, all."

He went down the stairs and thence out into the soft, bright spring night. He walked swiftly a little distance from the towering manor house before he turned and looked upwards to the massive sloping roof with its grouping of three-fingered chimneys pointed up into the glowing sky.

The boy was standing on the highest ridge whence the slate slanted downwards to the eaves, his naked, sword-like body bathed in moonlight.

Because of the flat, milky light, his copper hair appeared grape-colored, like a Dionisian wig. His upturned nose and satyr's face were outlined against the heavens, but his feet were rooted and unseen in the shadows of the roof-line and gave the queer impression that there were no feet at all.

There he stood, his head a little raised, the young body poised, framed by the branches of the great oak that grew higher than the house, as though he had but a moment before alighted there from out of the magic sky.

And as Menafee, shivering with inward excitement, stared transfixed, the centuries seemed to fall away and the earth was young again, tender and young and fragrant, and as yet untouched by the ages of misery and strife and bitterness to come.

"Pan!" called Henry Menafee. "Pan! Come down to me!"

The figure turned its head at the call and gazed downward. Then it raised an arm and waved a hand with a curious gesture that was not unfamiliar.

"Pan! Dear Pan..." Menafee called again. "Do come down..." He remembered the gesture then. It was the same little wave of friendly greeting and triumph that a boy had

Continuing

used when, mounted high, he had sailed around a circus ring. Sanity returned to Menafee and a shudder of realisation and fear swept through him. He shouted: "Peter! Come down at once."

The figure, high on the roof ridge, ducked swiftly, melted into the shadow for a moment and appeared, a flash of white, a grinning face peering down from the eaves and the young ivy leaves where he lay for a moment flat on his belly.

Then it had swung out and downward on the staunch vine, shining in the moonlight, vanishing for the moment where the leaves were thicker, reappearing again, slender as a moonbeam, effervescent and swift as quicksilver, fluid, sure, descending in one flowing movement until its feet touched the ground.

Then Peter was a small, white frog who ran over to where Menafee was standing and faced him unashamed and unafraid, awaiting whatever might befall him.

He had such a heart-breaking trick of looking upwards. The mind of Menafee swam between two worlds. To punish a boy or chide a god! Now lights were appearing in the Manor windows, like an old monster opening its many yellow eyes.

With an effort, Menafee spoke. "Peter! You've given us a quite dreadful turn."

The boy's voice was high and curiously metallic against the amphetamine of thick-boled trees and the peering house. He said: "Oh, I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to at all. It was such a jolly night."

Just that, and nothing more. And his slightly slanted eyes gazed upwards into the face of the schoolmaster with an ex-

The Romance of Mr. Menafee

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pression blameless and innocent, yet asking a question of him. As always, they seemed to be asking something of Menafee, searching out his soul, testing him.

Looking down, Menafee felt himself caught up in those eyes, shining whitely because of the moon's light. And at last he said softly: "It must have been very beautiful up there."

The boy said nothing, but a queer little sigh came from him, as though at last his question had been answered.

Figures came spewing out of the manor door, lamps and lanterns bobbed like summer fireflies. Menafee removed his dressing-gown and placed it about the shoulders of Peter. To his wife, the teachers, and the frightened boys, he said: "Peter is quite unharmed. I ask you all to go to bed at once."

GRIM as a fate, Mrs. Menafee said: "The boy must be punished."

Menafee repeated: "Please go to bed, all. Come along, Peter."

There was a small closet, a room that connected Menafee's bedroom with his study. In it was an extra cot where he rested sometimes. He put Peter to bed there, still wrapped in the folds of his dressing-gown like a captured fawn.

When the yellow windows closed their eyes again, and the tramping on the stairs died down, the last suppressed, excited talk had stilled, Menafee went to bed and for a long time lay awake in the darkness, giving himself up to the strange and inexplicable happiness that suffused him.

From the adjoining room he could hear the regular breathing of the peacefully sleeping child. And it was just before he himself went off to sleep at last that he remembered that out there on the lawn in the spring noon-glow he had called the boy not Peter but Pan.

The day after the spring term ended, Peter was gone.

He vanished completely, and without a trace, and no amount of inquiry turned up so much as a hint of what had become of him.

The search for him was conducted with energy and endurance by Mrs. Menafee rather than the headmaster. For the disappearance of the boy had had curious effects upon Menafee and one of them was to awaken echoes of that strange exultation and triumph that had so possessed him the night of Peter's escapade.

To conceal these curious emotions he hid behind the quiet declaration that he believed the disappearance was but temporary, another boyish prank, and one which would play itself out. He maintained, with a calm baffling to his wife, that the boy would return eventually. Withal, he missed Peter, and knew from his absence how much he had come to love him.

As time passed and still the boy did not return, Menafee's happiness grew and he was put to pains to conceal the emotions that struggled within him.

He was like a prisoner en-chained forever in hopeless incarceration who rejoices at the escape and flight of a beloved comrade and listens with alert and quivering senses for those telltale sounds about the prison yard and down the stone corridors that shall tell him the

escaped one has been captured and brought back.

But as each new day passes with no alarms, as each new minute and hour sets its seal upon the success of the flight and he pictures the freedom of the one who has flown, the spirit of the one left behind leaps higher and higher until he feels that he is prisoner no more, but soaring in eternal flight to eternal liberty.

It was the third week after Peter's escape that Menafee sat in his study, his fingers in the old habit gripped about the time-smoothed figurine of young Pan, smiling a little to himself, when Mrs. Menafee came in. She was puffed with an idea.

"Henry, I am certain what has happened. That boy has run back to the circus."

Menafee could smile. Peter was safe now. He said, "Yes, you are right. I rather think he has."

"You must find him and bring him back."

"Bring him back? He was never happy here. Let him be. He was not born to this life."

"And lose a hundred and forty pounds, I suppose? Pray what are you going to say to Mr. Bothenford?"

It was curious how in all that had happened Menafee never once had thought of the solid respectable man in exchange for whose pounds he was committed to mould Peter in his image.

"We could return the money."

"Return it indeed!" If Agnes Menafee had a weak point, it was money. She continued, her voice rising, "and lose a hundred and forty pounds next year as well, and the next? Are you out of your mind, Henry Menafee? If he has rejoined the circus you will

be able to find him. You must bring him back before Mr. Bothenford discovers that he has run away."

In the end, as always, Menafee gave in. The next morning, accompanied by a bag packed for a week's journey, but less heavy than his heart, Menafee was on the train for London.

It took a week in London for Menafee to find the sources that could give him information as to the possible whereabouts of Will's Mammoth Caravan Circus, and still another week before, moving southward and westward, he traced the meandering little wagon show to the city of Exeter, in Devonshire.

There, set up in a meadow close to an arm of the river Exe, he came upon the tent, now cleaned and patched for the new year's journeying, and the aisles of gaily painted waggons with their strings of lively, colored wash-wagging like pennons in the fresh breeze from the river.

Now that he had reached the end of his quest, Menafee paused for a moment to put off a little the unpleasant necessity of carrying out his duty, though he longed for the moment when he would see Peter again.

He drank in the sweet sight of the brave little show pitched at the foot of the hill crowned by the twin towers and airy granite lace of Exeter Cathedral.

It was five in the afternoon. The matinee performance was over, and vapor and smoke smudged ascended from the wagon chimneys. Grey gulls circled the tent tops. Behind the horse-tent the elephant was stuffing himself with hay and swaying in some kind of private dance of spring and contentment.

Menafee ducked beneath the

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The Great Whiteness Test, conducted by the famous Good Housekeeping Institute, was carried out at the Mayfair Hotel, London. All leading washing powders were tested in this grand-scale version of the Home Test, and 305 out of 326 housewives judged the Persil-washed towel whitest of all.



PERSIL washes whitest!

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Continuing

The Romance of Mr. Menafee

rope barrier and made his way to the rows of wagons parked behind the main tent. From them issued the murmur of voices, laughter and a hubbub of utensils and dishes mingled with the tinkling of a mandolin. The alley between the wagons was deserted except for a goat grazing, tethered to a stake. Menafee stopped, uncertain as to how to proceed.

The door of one of the caravan wagons opened, and on the slanting ladder steps a girl appeared dressed in a short skirt and a red blouse open at the throat. Dark hair cascaded down her back, and set off her white skin and shining eyes. Dainty, exquisite, poised against the blue wagon she seemed like a being out of a child's book of tales.

With a thrill, Menafee recognised the circus queen who had so enchanted him those many months ago. He even remembered her name, and was surprised into murmuring it.

"Serena Tigani . . ."

She smiled a reply to her name, and the smile released such warmth and beauty from every feature, bringing still greater glow to the liquid eyes, softening the tender mouth, giving a sweet tilt to her head, that Menafee gazed up at her with frank rapture and a singing heart, as one looks at a lovely flower.

He freed himself at last from the enchantment that had descended upon him, to say, "I beg your pardon. I am looking for Peter Montesanto. I am a friend of his."

"Oh. A friend of Peter's," she repeated, and came lightly down the steps. She seemed to float, her toes barely touching the steps. Her voice was soft, yet vibrant and warm. "Peter's having his tea with my brothers. Come, I'll take you there," and with a gesture of perfect simplicity she held out her hand to him.

He took it in his. It seemed to have no weight. She was leading him now, trusting and friendly because he had called himself a friend of Peter. They came to a wagon, painted pink with gold scroll-work.

"Here," Serena said, and then trilled like a bird: "Peter-Peter-Peter-Peter, come out. Here is a friend to see you."

The door of the wagon was opened violently from within and there, against a background of peering male faces attached to necks straining and craning on either side of him to see, stood the boy Peter.

He was clad in a pair of corduroy trousers that were too big for him, and fastened at the belt with a piece of rope, and a rough, short-sleeved jersey, rounded at the neck. He was barefooted and his copper hair lay in unruly locks about his head. Over his face and figure and posture lay the breath of freedom.

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They stood there, staring at each other; Peter, handsome, vital, commanding from his position atop the steps, Menafee below, dun-colored in his tweeds, old slouch hat, and seedy topcoat, his face thin and pinched and hollow, his presence illuminated only by the dreamy, intelligent eyes.

From behind Peter, one of the craning faces spoke.

"Who's the Gajo, Pete?"

For an instant, Peter's face flushed as red as his hair, and his green eyes glittered. And over Menafee again swept the shame and embarrassment of being an outsider, as it had on that other day when he had intruded beyond the lines staked out dividing their world from his.

But the boy turned sharply towards those inside the wagon and cried angrily in his piping voice: "Nunti Palari. He's no Gajo. He's a bona slanger . . ."

Cries issued from the wagon: "Cheer oh! That's different. Make room. Bring him in, Pete."

The barriers were down, and Peter was standing before him holding his hand and saying: "Gee, it's bona to see you, sir," almost before Menafee realised how it had happened. Yet, unfamiliar as he was with the circus jargon into which Peter had lapsed, he had gathered with swift intuition that the boy, likewise ashamed of Menafee's instant designation by his friends as a hated outsider, had denied that he was a Gajo.

What had he called him? "A bona slanger . . ." Later he learned it meant a good showman, one of their own kind, but then he could only guess at the lie the boy had told.

He was being dragged up the steps by Peter and into the crowded wagon that smelled of lamp oil and food and strong tobacco smoke. A kettle was bubbling on a primus stove, and on a small table attached to the side were potted ham, kippers, a veal and ham pie, bread, butter, and a large jar of jam.

The narrow space inside appeared to be crowded to the last inch of breathing by men, crammed into bunks, seated on a stool, or cross-legged on the floor, though actually after he had met them, Menafee saw that there were only four. Serena had returned to her caravan.

Peter did the honors with an attitude of grandeur. "Meet my pals. This is Mr. Will—he's the bona, and this is Aldo Tigani; that's Neddo, and that's Fiermonte."

Mr. Will turned out to be the man on the stool, a fierce-looking, ragged-cut doll of a person, with a red-leather face out of which twinkled two of the most innocent blue eyes Menafee had ever encountered.

The three Tigani brothers were all cut from the same pattern—flashing black eyes, slick-polished black hair, shining white teeth, all of them astonishingly handsome.

Neddo, the youngest, was sitting on the floor grinning. Aldo, who bore a red scar on the side of his neck, a testimony to some recent accident, was presiding over the distribution of the food. Fiermonte, the eldest, was wedged into the bunk, picking on a mandolin.

Mr. Will, his voice as rough as his person, rumbling up from his interior, cried: "Come in, come in! What name, again?"

"Menafee, Henry Menafee!"

"Well, Menafee, bit of a squish in here, but I reckon we can find a place. Always glad to meet a bloke in show business."

Aldo, at the table-side, genially kicked his brother on the floor. "Hey, monkey! Give room for Peter's friend."

Fiermonte struck three chords of fanfare on his mandolin, then stuck out his hand with a friendly smile and moved over in the bunk to make place for Menafee, who sat down and wondered whether the hot burning of his face was as apparent as it felt.

His mind was in a weird turmoil. He had not the heart to be angry with Peter for his lie, because he understood it. He was ashamed to be a fraud, but his shame was overwhelmed by the joy he experienced through being accepted by them. Never in all his life had he known the comradeship of men.

Aldo buttered a large slab of bread, deposited a slice of ham thereon, and handed it to Menafee as Peter joined Neddo on the floor.

"Menafee, eh?" rumbled Mr. Will. "Don't seem to tie the name. Wot's your act?"

Peter had bread and jam headed for his mouth, but spoke quickly.

"Joe," he said and stuffed the slice in, contributing a muffled: "He's from up North."

All three Tigani boys grinned appreciatively. Mr. Will nodded his head, his child-like eyes taking in Menafee's slight figure with new interest. With stubby fingers he ripped the backbone from a kipper and said: "Fine . . . fine. Menafee, eh? Can't place the monicker. White-face or August?"

Menafee gazed helplessly at Peter, who was less Arcadian god and more informal imp at the moment, his mouth stuffed with bread and jam, his eyes screwed up. But he opened them wide and threw a glance at Menafee that was at once merry and imploring.

It seemed to beg: "Don't give me away. Don't you see how kind they all are because they believe you to be a clown and one of them?"

Aloud, Peter replied for Menafee again: "Oh, he can do anything."

"Ah," said Mr. Will, and nodded again, while Fiermonte with intense concentration began to play a tune from "La Traviata."

"Working now?"

The question was directed dead centre at Menafee. There was no escape for him. Peter paused anxiously with another bite halted half-way to his mouth. Menafee thought quickly. "I am a coward. I cannot make a liar out of the lad. And besides, by tonight we will have gone."

He replied to Mr. Will's question: "No, not at the moment." After all, that was not a lie.

Pop went the bread and jam

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Watch them sit up when you serve

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





The whole story from A to Z

... It's the story of a big business and the money it takes to run it. It's the story of General Motors-Holden's purchases of the products it needs to feed its production lines — products that literally range through a whole alphabet of trades and industries from A (aluminium) to Z (zippers).

In 1952 General Motors-Holden's sold more than 47,000 vehicles and many thousands of other products such as refrigerators, household appliances, automotive parts and accessories, power and industrial equipment. The proceeds from these sales amounted to almost 50 million pounds.

When you examine how that money was distributed you get some idea of the importance of the GMH operation to Australia's economy — of its ramifications through our whole national structure — and what it means in terms

of our country's growth and prosperity.

More than 60 per cent. of GMH revenue, or more than 30 million pounds, went to suppliers of parts, services and materials, including steel, iron, aluminium, timber, wool, hides, textiles, rubber, paint, components and parts — all needed to keep GMH production lines moving. Among those suppliers were more than 3,000 separate Australian businesses — some of them large, most of them small — employing many thousands of Australians.

The supply lines that carried this stream of products to General Motors-Holden's plants flow from every corner of the Commonwealth — from such widely separated places as Mount Isa,

Broken Hill, Whyalla, Port Pirie, Newcastle.

As already stated, outside suppliers received more than 60 per cent. of the entire GMH revenue for the year 1952. To complete the financial story, nearly 20 per cent. of receipts went to employees as salaries and wages... more than 10 per cent. went to the Government for Customs Duties, taxes, etc. ... more than 7 per cent. was ploughed back into the business... more than one per cent. was to provide for depreciation on plants and equipment. The shareholders received one-tenth of one per cent. as dividends.

A big business? Certainly. And it's doing big things for Australia.



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into Peter's mouth, his eyes screwed up with glee, and he crowded and clapped his hands, and in the safety of Menafee's support immediately began to elaborate: "He can do a proper turn. He's come all the way from the North to visit me."

From outside the waggon came the sound of rapid drumming of hoofs, a shout, curses. Mr. Will was up with a cry of "Trouble!" and hurled his huge frame through the small door. Lithe as eels, and just as quick, Peter and the three Tiganis were after him. The drumming and shouting increased. Menafee, his heart beating, followed.

All along the wide alley between the two rows of caravan waggons heads popped out of doors and windows. Figures had appeared and were running towards the end of the alley nearest the main tent where a groom was taking a lashing from a beige-colored high school stallion that had become unreasonably frightened by the flapping of some of the washing and was bucking at the end of his halter.

"Tie him!" roared Mr. Will, as the stallion suddenly bucked free and came clattering down the alley, milky eyes gleaming wildly, mane flying. Tent-men, stable-boys, and grooms converged with ropes.

A figure dashed in front of the horse waving his arms attempting to head him off, was slow getting out of the way, and went down. There were more shouts and a scream, and then it was over. The dragging halter was recaptured; a groom more daring than the rest slipped to the horse's head and gentled it until the animal, quietened, permitted himself to be led away.

"Trouble!" groaned Mr. Will. Then Menafee saw that there was a man stretched out on the ground and that Serena Tiganis was at his side with water and a cloth, bending down low so that her dark hair hung over him like a gentle cloud.

"It's Shaughnessy," cried Aldo Tiganis, while Peter ran to his side, calling, "Oh, Uncle George! Are you hurt?" "Trouble!" intoned Mr. Will again. They all joined the crowd about the fallen man. The horse had shouldered him and then trampled his foot. His shoe had been removed, and Serena was tenderly bathing his swollen and lacerated ankle. There were tears in her eyes. Menafee thought that she looked like an angel.

"It's me own dommed fault," Shaughnessy fumed. "I fergit it's not the legs av a bhoys I avn't. 'Twill be all right by tonight."

Mr. Will looked at the wound and shook his head. "You'll not go on with a wound like that, Uncle George. Better get him into bed and send for a doctor."

Two men picked him up and lent their shoulders and hobbled him away, Serena still at his side soothing him and helping. The knot of performers dissolved leaving only Mr. Will, Menafee, Peter, and the three Tiganis standing in the alley.

Mr. Will was scratching his head and making apparently a tremendous effort to think. His lips and fingers moved as he took stock of his available performers. Then fingers and eyes made a visible and unsatisfactory round of the rows of waggons with their unseen inmates and returned whence they had started. There they fastened with interest and relief upon the figure of Henry Menafee.

"You!" said Mr. Will, as though he had made the discovery of the ages. "What's to prevent you from doin' a fill-in for poor old George?"

Menafee was too taken aback

Continuing The Romance of Mr. Menafee

[from page 45]

by surprise to do more than point to himself.

"Aye," said Mr. Will. "Why not indeed, now? Have ye seen our show?"

Menafee could only nod. He was speechless because he was in the grip of a nervous excitement that seemed to choke his throat and keep him taut and suspended, swimming dangerously between two worlds. This man was proposing that he, Henry Menafee, headmaster of Chisholm Manor School, should go on to replace an injured clown. Unthinkable!

"It's only the run-around with the croc," Mr. Will was saying, and for the first time a clear picture formed itself in Menafee's rattled mind. He remembered the clown who had clattered about pursued by the stuffed crocodile and the rippling laughs that followed his dash around the ring.

"Ain't much to do," continued Mr. Will. "Uncle George is too old to do much any more. But it got a good laugh this afternoon. They'll be lookin' for it tonight. Word of mouth to get about between shows. It makes bad talk if an act is missing."

To be a clown . . . To run into the ring in paint and patches before a thousand people, to set the torch to fires of laughter and see it catch and spread around the banked-up circle of spectators in the arena; for once, just once, to escape from the unyielding bonds with which life and circumstances had shackled him.

The rough voice of Mr. Will broke in. "Well now, wot about it, Menafee?"

They were walking back to their waggon, the Tiganis boys ranged behind the other by sizes, as though the habit of their ring entry were too strong to break outside. They were looking at him. Ahead of Menafee, Peter was dancing backwards, his eyes fastened on him, full of seductive eagerness and pleading.

"Would you help, sir—oh, would you?"

A queer kind of dizziness fastened itself upon Menafee as though sight and sound and feeling had all merged into one force to break old chains. He felt caught in the spell of the little figure leaping before him as though beckoning him on, the luring faun of Arcady . . .

Distantly, spoken by a voice he did not recognise, he heard himself say, "Well . . ."

"Splendid!" roared Mr. Will, clapping Menafee powerfully on the back. "Splendid! Another trouble over."

"Bravo!" shouted the three Tiganis brothers.

"Goooooeeee!" shrilled Peter and exploded into a series of flip-flaps in a somersault in mid-air. "Hi-yi-yi!"

The noise brought Serena to the door of the waggon where the injured man had been taken. She did not understand the excitement, but laughed and waved in sympathy with the exuberance of her menfolk. With a queer, deep joy Menafee felt that somehow he had been included in her gesture . . .

"Splendid!" trumpeted Mr. Will again and his eyes sparkled with relief. "There ain't nothing so good as getting over trouble. Come on. Let's finish our tea."

They stumped into the waggon again. Generous portions of food and tea were passed. The mandolin tinkled merrily. Pipes appeared, were stuffed and fired. Frightened, yet inwardly exultant, Menafee felt that he was drifting on a tide, a golden tide of high adventure. Helpless to resist, he gave himself up to the rich enjoyment of every shining moment . . .

Peter, clever Pan, swift, mer-

curic, agile, his copper hair gleaming in the sunset, was everywhere, arranging, planning, acting, an excited little whirlwind, a glowing flame that danced ahead of Menafee like a will-o'-the-wisp, like swamp fire leading the unwary traveller ever deeper. He secured the tramp costume of the injured clown, begged or stole make-up, arranged for them to have the waggon alone to make-up for the evening performance.

There, with the door locked, the curtains drawn, an oil lamp reflected from a cracked mirror, he worked the transformation of Henry Menafee.

When they were alone at last, Menafee had not found it in his heart to scold the boy for what he had done. And there was something else that held him back. Their relationship was slowly shifting again. Here in this enchanted land, the boy was master of the man.

Only for one brief exchange had the Menafee of Chisholm Manor School been in command. It had been Peter who had opened the gambit when they were safely alone in the waggon. He had looked up at

his eyes and felt some kind of sticky preparation rubbed on his face, over his lips and eyelids and around his ears. Then followed strokes of a small brush and pressure of some pointed object.

The fingers that worked on him were cool and sure, and all the time Peter's chuckling, bubbling, puck-like laughter never ceased, rising and falling with each new line added, each arching sweep of the brush, descending to low gurgles of satisfaction when the work was close and demanded a steady hand. Then Menafee felt something tight-fitting pulled on over his hair and the slap of more ointment where the cap met his brow. A powder whisk touched his face daintily. Then a whoop of joy broke from the child.

"Now!" cried Peter.

For a moment, Menafee stared in pure horror. One cry of protest rose from his throat. "Peter!" but seemed to be stifled before it ever passed the thick, dolorous lips of the creature who stared so sadly back at him from the cracked mirror.

"Ain't it just beautiful?" crowed Peter and looked as though he would have turned

waggon, the too-large shoes changing his walk into a waddle. He had the queer feeling that he was quite someone else as he clumped along in the darkness of the waggon alley with only the sputtering arc lamps in front of the big tent throwing back licks of light that penetrated the shadows.

His old self, timid, shy, ineffectual, was gone, buried beneath the mask of grease and paint. The new person felt free, and as happy as a child. It seemed as though there was nothing he did not feel he could do.

Other figures shouldered him in the shadows, men in fleshings, ballerinas, riders in evening clothes, clowns in white face and grotesques, and Augusts in battered silk hats and bowlers. The orchestra was jangling around front, and he heard the trumpeting of the elephant and the squeal and neigh of excited horses.

Peter popped into the waggon of the Tiganis boys and through the door he could see them in their white tights spangled with silver, applying a bit of make-up to their faces and combing their shining black hair. Menafee's heart sang. For this night at least, he belonged. He was one of them.

In the "yard," the little tented space behind the entrance curtain, Henry Menafee awaited his cue and found himself unaccountably trembling. The heavy, stuffed crocodile was fastened by its strong, thin wire that snapped to a hook fixed to the back of his costume.

The place was a seeming confusion of acts, performers, animals, and piled-up props waiting to be rushed into the ring. And yet there was a kind of rhythm and order in all the apparent confusion, as the acts came and went. Liberty horses clattered through with their firm, purposeful trot, the ring-lads in their frogged jackets whisked the props in and out through little groups of performers warming up in preparation for their turns.

Behind the divided flap of canvas that led to the ring came gusty storms of applause, sharp whip cracks and the drumming of trained hoofs on the sawdust-scattered earth.

George Shaughnessy, on crutches, stood at Menafee's side, snow-haired, his face like an old apple. He said, "It's dommed dancin' av ye to lend a hand, man. The young 'uns all like my turn. It don't do to disappoint them. Keep a-runnin' as though the very Devil wuz after ye and ye'll git yer laughs."

Menafee's legs felt so weak he wondered would they hold him up, much less run with him. Inside the arena a whistle shrilled.

Someone called: "Croc entry ready . . ."

Mr. Will waved a thick hand. "Ready there, Menafee . . ."

Out through the curtain streamed the troupe of acrobats and tumblers in Arab costumes, hugging the side of the yard tent from long habit to avoid the incoming act, while simultaneously from the other direction the Tiganis family entered to await their call.

Menafee had just time to note Fiermonte leading the three white horses, the first with Peter mounted, all red and white and silver. He saw Papa Tiganis, stout, resplendent in tailcoat and top hat, and equally stout Mama Tiganis in a jet-spangled evening gown. Serena rode in on her own horse, her eyes glowing with anticipation of the coming performance.

That night she was in rose and gold and clung somehow so lightly to the withers of the

huge white steed that she resembled a butterfly that had alighted there and paused to rest before resuming flight again. Looking down she noted Menafee's grotesque mask and she threw back her head in tinkling laughter, the sound shimmering like the golden ornaments that adorned her hair.

Once more the whistle. The canvas curtain was swept back. "It's yit!" piped the Pan on horseback.

"Go!" shouted Shaughnessy, clapped Menafee on the back and gave him a starting shove out into the arena.

Menafee stumbled forward into the ring and for a moment stood stock still under the baleful glare of spotlights that blazed down into his eyes from the tent top, and the staring white faces rising jet upon tier until they vanished, blending with the taut tent top. He felt the sweat of fear running down inside his costume. Then, slowly, clumsily, because of the enormous feet, he began to run.

It was like running in a nightmare, fleeing in leaden shoes from inescapable pursuit. The stuffed beast, slithering and ploughing up the sawdust behind him, was heavy and dragged. He had not taken a dozen steps when he was weary and breathless. He could not fill his lungs. The weights on his legs seemed to increase a hundredfold with each new step. A burning sensation arose in his chest and every breath rasped his throat like a file.

White faces passed his blurring vision and now a new horror was added to the nightmare. He was running in silence. No rippling grass-fires of laughter had been kindled to spur him around. He forgot the melancholy, painted mask upon his face and thought only that everyone could see the shameful burning blush of failure on his cheeks.

Weak and dizzy with exhaustion of nerves as well as body, he staggered on, half-way, three-quarters, still in that ghastly condemning silence. If he could but reach the curtain and vanish through it forever into darkness.

At last the curtain loomed before his blood-shot eyes, held open, behind it staring faces. Twenty yards . . . ten . . . He could go no more. He tripped and fell sprawling and then rolled wildly in an attempt to regain his feet and make good his escape.

The wire snagged his ankle and bit into his flesh. Again he rolled, floundering in the dirt, only to find arm and shoulder likewise entangled until suddenly he was brought up hard against the rough, scaly skin of the stuffed crocodile. The open plaster jaws, the snaggle teeth, and glassy eyes stared into his face. Somehow the monster had got on top of him and what followed was sheer, blind panic.

For the beast seemed to have come alive and was trying to smother him, to snap its jaws on limb or neck, and he fought it now with desperation and blinding pain as the steel wire cut into his skin. In his ears there was a pounding, and, too, a strange roaring as of a thousand devils loosed, a sound that mounted wave on wave, created by fierce shrieks, wilder than any Walpurgis night.

He felt himself defeated, lost, engulfed, slipping away into blackness.

His movements became feebler. Higher and louder waxed the sea of sound, rising in renewed fury all about him. He was sinking in the trough of a dark, stormy ocean of sound. Over his head the last thundering, engulfing waves pooned. He made one final desperate effort to survive, then the blackness overwhelmed him.

To be concluded

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 23, 1953

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meals made easy—appetising too!

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Reception at Home



The familiar setting of home is often the happiest atmosphere for a small, informal wedding reception.

HERE'S a simple wedding breakfast served buffet style with the traditional bridal cake taking pride of place in the centre of table. Menu and recipes below. Details of icing and decorating cake on page 50.

CATERING for about 30 guests at a home reception is not really as frightening as it sounds! Of course it calls for a certain amount of pencil-and-paper planning well in advance of the great day and the co-operation of relatives and friends on the day itself.

The menu given here is an example of what the interested homemaker who likes to cook can achieve. The number of servings from each dish is given so that it should be easy to work out the quantity to prepare.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes refer to level spoons.

MENU

Egg and anchovy canapes
Savory platter
Chicken and almonds with prunes
Lobster mayonnaise
Peach cream Pavlova
Wedding cake Wedding punch
Coffee

EGG AND ANCHOVY CANAPES

One and a half loaves bread, butter or substitute, 12 to 18 hard-boiled eggs, 3 or 4 small tins anchovy fillets or 2 jars anchovy paste softened with butter and flavored with a squeeze of lemon juice, salt, pepper, parsley.

Cut day-old bread into slices good $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Cut into circles with a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. scone cutter—makes approximately 9 dozen. Fry golden brown in melted butter or substitute, drain on clean kitchen paper. (These may be made up to a week in advance and stored in an airtight tin when cold.) Spread lightly with butter, place a slice of hard-boiled egg on each, dust with salt and pepper. Place a

piece of anchovy fillet on top or a dab of anchovy paste. If liked, a dab of mayonnaise may be added to each. Serve garnished with parsley. This allows 3 to 4 per person.

SAVORY PLATTER

Yardstick bread or bread rolls cut into thick crosswise slices, butter, dry savory biscuits, stuffed hard-boiled egg halves, plain or stuffed olives, thick chunky pieces garlic or salami sausage, tomato pieces, blocks of cheese, pickled onions, other savory pieces desired.

Spread bread with butter which may be flavored with garlic or chopped parsley. Arrange all the savory ingredients in groups on serving platters, garnish with parsley. To stuff eggs: Hard boil the eggs, remove shells, cut in halves. Take out yolks and mash with a nut of butter, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Add any desired flavoring, chopped ham, grated onion, chopped gherkin, chopped olives and celery, mayonnaise, mashed sardines or any fish paste, etc. Fill back into egg-whites. If liked, the yolks may be extended with a little mashed potato. Allow 1 for each person and 5 or 6 other savory pieces.

CREAMED CHICKEN WITH ALMONDS

Three or four small chickens or rabbits (simmered until tender in water flavored with a couple of bacon bones, a thick slice of onion, salt, a couple of sprigs of parsley, a thin piece of lemon rind), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, 1 package chicken noodle soup, 2 cups rabbit or chicken stock, 2 cups milk, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons flour, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup blanched almonds, 8 or 9 dessert prunes, parsley.

Remove all flesh from chickens or rabbits. Peel and chop mushrooms, saute in a little extra butter until soft. Place contents of

chicken soup package into a saucepan with the rabbit or chicken stock. Bring to the boil, simmer 5 minutes. Cool slightly, add milk, and allow to become cold. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk mixture, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, fold in chicken or rabbit meat and mushrooms. Turn into greased ovenware dishes (this quantity should fill 2 of average size), scatter blanched almond halves over the top. Reheat in moderate oven before serving garnished with prunes and parsley. Makes 12 to 15 average servings.

LOBSTER MAYONNAISE

Three medium-sized lobsters, 5 or 6 small sticks diced celery, lemon juice, mayonnaise, salt, cayenne, paprika, lettuce and cucumber.

Cut lobsters in halves lengthwise, carefully remove all lobster meat and cut into dice. Place in bowl with celery, add a little lemon juice. Toss lightly with mayonnaise until moistened, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Fill back into lobster shells, dust with paprika. Serve with shredded lettuce or small whole lettuce leaves, curled celery, and sliced cucumber. Makes 12 to 15 small servings.

PEACH CREAM PAVLOVA

Four egg-whites, 8oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, flavoring, ice-cream (about half a small block or 1 tray of home-made ice-cream), sliced tinned peaches, passionfruit pulp.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar and continue beating until sugar is dissolved and meringue holds its shape. Fold in cornflour and vinegar, add flavorings such as vanilla or grated lemon rind. Pour into 8 in. sandwich-tin, greased and lightly coated with sifted cornflour. Scoop centre slightly, bake

in very slow oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until crisp and dry. Turn carefully from tin, fill centre hollow when cold with scoops of ice-cream, decorate with peaches, add passionfruit pulp. Sufficient for about 8 servings.

WEDDING CAKE

One pound butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 tablespoon Parisian essence, 10 eggs, 2lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. figs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 2 teaspoons spice, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 7 tablespoons brandy.

Cream butter until very soft, gradually add sugar and orange rind, and continue creaming until light and fluffy. Add Parisian essence, then unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition, and adding a little of the brandy after each egg until half the brandy is used. Mix sultanas, currants, and raisins, add cherries, chopped figs, shredded peel, and chopped walnuts. Add 2 extra tablespoons sifted flour and mix well. Fold into creamed mixture alternately with sifted dry ingredients and balance of brandy.

Fill into paper-lined tins. Bake in very moderate oven $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours for small cake, 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours for large cake. When cold, remove from tins and wrap in large thick towel until ready to ice and decorate.

WEDDING PUNCH

Two tablespoons castor sugar, 2 wineglasses brandy, 1 tablespoon Curacao, 1 tablespoon cherry brandy, 1 quart champagne.

Mix castor sugar, brandy, Curacao, and cherry brandy. Place in large jug. Take 1 bottle of thoroughly chilled champagne, pour into jug on top of the mixture. Stir to mix, pour into glasses, and top up with thoroughly chilled champagne.

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To make everyday meals perfect and tempt the appetite just a dash of your favourite Rosella Sauce or Chutney will give that extra flavour and zest the family enjoys.

- ★ TOMATO SAUCE
- ★ WORCESTER SAUCE
- ★ FRUIT CHUTNEY

Rosella
Range also includes

BAKED BEANS - SWEET CORN

Continued from page 49

Reception at home

Delicate in color and dainty in design, this lovely cake will be the highlight of the wedding breakfast buffet table.

FOR best results the cake should be made four to five weeks in advance. The flavor improves and cake is less likely to crumble.

Use the cake recipe on page 49. Cook three-quarters of the mixture in a round or square 10½ in. tin, the remaining one-quarter in a 6 in. tin.

Line the tins with two layers of brown and one layer of white paper.

Almond paste covering should be put on the day before the fondant icing.

Cakes are then best left 24 hours before decorating.

The two-tier cake may be decorated and assembled up to a week before the wedding.

Note the following hints.

• For best results use well-sifted pure icing sugar.

• When rolling and handling almond paste and fondant icing keep board, rolling pin, and hands well dusted with icing sugar to keep the icing smooth and prevent sticking.

• Almond paste and fondant icing are easier to apply to the large cake half at a time.

• Roll out, cut in halves. Lift half at a time on to cake, mould with the hands until smooth and even, paying particular attention to the join.

Quantities of icing given below are sufficient for two tiers.

ALMOND PASTE

Eight ounces almond meal, 2½ lb. icing sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 tablespoon fruit juice (¼ orange, ¾ lemon).

Sift icing sugar, add almond meal. Stir in egg-yolks beaten with sherry and fruit juice, mix to a stiff paste. Add more fruit juice if required. Knead on board sprinkled with icing sugar. Cut off one quarter for small cake. Roll each portion to a circle ½ in. thick. Brush cakes with egg-white or warmed apricot jam. Lift paste on to cakes, smooth surface with hands dusted with icing sugar.

FONDANT ICING

Three egg-whites, 6oz. glucose, 3½ lb. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon vanilla, pink coloring.

PRIZE RECIPE

CARAMEL-COATED meringue on a sea of custard wins this week's cash prize of £5 for Mrs. J. Burns, Spence-land Ave., Southport, Queensland.

All spoon measurements are level.

FLOATING ISLAND

Caramel: Four tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons water.

Floating Island: Two egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, vanilla.

Custard: Two egg-yolks, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, vanilla.

Make caramel by heating sugar with half water over low



DECORATING a wedding cake as pretty as the one illustrated above takes time and patience, but it can be done successfully by following the directions on this page.

Break egg-whites up by beating lightly with fork—without frothing. Pour into well in centre of sifted icing sugar. Add melted glucose, vanilla, and lemon juice. Gradually work in icing sugar, mixing to a firm mass. Knead until smooth and pliable on board dusted with icing sugar. Tint pale pink by adding coloring, a few drops at a time, and kneading until color is even. Handle mixture half at a time, finally working both portions together to blend color evenly. Cut off one quarter for small cake. Brush covered cakes with egg-white. Roll out fondant icing, cover cakes as given for almond paste. Mould with the hands dusted with icing sugar, continue rubbing with the hands until surfaces are smooth and shiny. Leave for 24 hours.

ROYAL ICING FOR PIPING

One egg-white, 8 to 10oz. icing sugar, 1 scant teaspoon glucose, few drops lemon juice.

Beat egg-white until broken but not frothy. Add lemon juice and melted glucose. Gradually work in sifted icing sugar until mixture is smooth and holds its shape. Beat well with wooden spoon to make icing smooth and pliable for

decorating. Color deep pink. Keep surplus icing covered with damp cloth while not in use to prevent a hard crust forming.

TO DECORATE AND ASSEMBLE CAKE

To trim and decorate cake as illustrated above, the following items are required: 4yd. pink tulle, 4 or 5 dozen artificial flowers (various sizes), either bought or made at home, small silver leaves, silver cashews, 6 clusters of pink bells or other ornaments, 3 pillars, 3 wooden skewers.

Cut a circle of paper to fit top of each cake. Divide evenly into three. Draw curves between each division. Cut around curves. Place paper on top of each cake and lightly mark curves with pin.

Cut a strip of paper to fit around side of each cake. Draw scallops evenly along centre of each strip, making small scallops for small cake, and large ones for large cake. Cut out along scallops, place paper around cake, mark scallops lightly with pin.

Using large writing pipe, pipe spots on top of each cake, keeping them even.

Using medium-sized rose pipe, outline scallops with small roses, press cashews into position. Pipe shell pattern around base of small cake.

Place large cake on board or silver salver. With large rose pipe make shell pattern around base of cake.

Attach a ruffle of tulle along each curve with piping icing, arrange artificial flowers and silver leaves on top, fixing in the same way. Press bell decorations into side of cake.

Cut three wooden skewers the height of the large cake (measured after it is iced) plus the height of the pillars. Push each one through a pillar, through cake, and right down to touch board beneath. Place small cake on top making sure it rests on the skewers.

ARCHER AT 5!



No Cowboys and Indians for Rex Racklyeft—he's a real archer—a member of Sydney's St. George Archery Club, at 5!

Rex has the makings of a champion," says his father, Club Official. "Tons of energy. Vegemite helps keep him healthy and active." Another happy "Vegemite"!

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DECORATIVE GLADIOLI. Each year new varieties of gladioli are coming on the market, and rich colors and blends of colors add to the beauty of the blooms.

Gladioli for color

Showy spikes of gladioli, rich or delicate in coloring, are popular with home gardeners and are also leaders in the cut-flower trade.

EASY to grow, gladioli last well when cut, as every bloom on the spikes will open. For best results the spikes must be cut when the lower flowers are out.

Each day a short piece of the stem-end should be removed and the water changed. They then last for a week or more.

Gladioli are grown from corms, which should be planted from two to six inches deep in rich well-drained soil. They should be fed occasionally from the surface with fertilizer, well watered in. Generous watering is also necessary for good results.

Gladioli are obtainable in a very wide range of forms and sizes, from the miniature *Gladiolus nanus* to the tall, large-flowered hybrids and primulinus types.

Corms are planted at different depths according to size. A corm three inches in diameter needs six inches of soil over it, because the plants will be tall and need a firm anchorage. One-inch corms should be given two inches of soil cover.

Gladioli are not fastidious as to soil texture, doing equally well in rich sandy loam and heavier types of ground, but the drainage must be good. The corms may rot off if they stand for any length of time in waterlogged soil.

They are also highly adaptable plants, doing as well in the cool lower mountains, well-protected places in the higher country, in hot inland areas (provided the water supply is good), and over a wide range of country extending from southern Queensland to Tasmania.

While the plants will grow and bloom with little care, quality spikes are not produced in either poor sand or

heavy, hard clayey ground, or areas infested with weeds.

In very cold districts where the seasons are short and weather conditions unreliable, the protection of a glasshouse is necessary for good results.

In milder areas where rainfall is good and frosts rare or slight, gladioli can be grown the year round out of doors.

Seedsmen often put corms in refrigerators, where their sprouting is delayed.

Many gardeners mulch the beds around the corms with leafmould, well-rotted compost, or very old, well-sieved manure. It has also been found that pine sawdust is most useful for mulching, as it keeps down

weeds, retains moisture, and when it decays adds humus to the soil.

Corms can be lifted after the flowering flush has ended, but they should be heeled-in to good moist soil to finish off the leafgrowth and corm formation, or they will not flower satisfactorily the following season. Under such conditions they need regular watering.

GARDENING

If the plants are left standing after flowering has ended, they should be allowed to die right down to the ground. The stems can then be cut to about 6 in., allowed to remain for a week, and the corms then lifted out and stored in a dry place.

If the small offsets or cormels are carefully peeled before sowing in boxes or special nursery beds, they will germinate readily. The corms are often very hard and prevent germination. Remove all soil from corms before storing in boxes of dry sand or sawdust.

Pests that attack gladioli include slugs, snails, caterpillars of many kinds, aphids, and the most destructive of all, gladiolus thrips. Thrips are small thread-like creatures that attack the new shoots, leaves, sheaths, and buds, and are also found under the skins or husks of corms stored for winter.

Thrips are sucking insects and can quickly spoil an entire crop. The symptoms of their attack are rustiness of the foliage, which may curl or twist badly, and complete ruin of bud sheaths and buds, which turn a pale brown color and rarely open.

The gardener is advised to remove the husks before storing the corms and to dust them lightly all over with DDT powder. Leave the powder on during the entire storage period. The programme from planting onwards consists of spraying the shoots with water-soluble DDT emulsion every week or two until the buds show color, when spraying should cease.

Scab is often troublesome to gladiolus corms, and as this is a bacterial disease it needs drastic measures for control.

Symptoms of scab consist of sunken lesions in the corms varying from light brown to black, rather shiny patches. Such corms should be soaked for eight to 15 hours in a solution of 4oz. of corrosive sublimate to three gallons of water.

To this solution should be added 4oz. of common salt. Only glass or earthenware containers or wooden buckets should be used for this chemical, as corrosive sublimate will eat away any metal container. Handle it carefully, as it will burn the skin, clothes, or shoes of the gardener, and it should never be left near children or pets.

As there are some thousands of named gladiolus varieties on the market, it is impossible to give a list of the names of gladioli available. The best plan is to obtain a catalogue from seedsmen.

—Our Home Gardener.

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Both types in 3/16" thickness.



TIMBROCK COMES IN MORE LENGTHS—There are five lengths—5', 6', 7', 8'—and exclusive to TIMBROCK—the big 14' board so handy to home-builders.



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TEENAGER'S ROOM in American Early Colonial style was arranged by Cecily Adams at the Society of Interior Designers' exhibition in Sydney. The period furniture is made of natural, unpolished maple. Boxes made of white cord decorate the soft blue bedspread.

Period and modern furniture

Period and modern furniture made an interesting contrast at the first exhibition held by the two-year-old Society of Interior Designers in Sydney.

THE display recently attracted hundreds of people, including housewives, business girls, and arts and crafts students.

Examples from the 14 settings in the exhibition are shown here, and others will be published in color in a few weeks' time.

The century-old building which served as a "gallery" for the exhibition provided a challenge to the ingenuity and skill of designers, particularly the moderns. The rooms, oddly shaped, some of them small with high ceilings, bays, nooks, and awkwardly placed doors, were not easy to arrange attractively.

The modern space-saving furniture on display was superbly designed. An outstanding piece was the combined dressing-table and radiogram for a bedsitting-room. The unit included a deep cosmetic drawer and three other drawers for dress accessories, a drop-leaf "coffee table," and space for hats or drinks.

CORNER of a living-room designed by Professor Korodý shows a coach-wood chair with foam rubber cushioning. Chair is upholstered in grey-blue with red and white stripes. Black glass makes unusual tops for a nest of tables.



Women were particularly interested in the divan, upholstered in birds-eye tailoring cloth with detachable back and arm-rests. When the back and the arm-rests are removed, the divan becomes a comfortable single bed. Easy-sliding drawers, set in the framework, hold linen and blankets.

Most of the modern furniture on show was made of light, unbleached woods, with natural or waxed finish.

The colonial-style furniture

used in the teenager's bedroom, illustrated on this page, was made of maple. Cecily Adams, who arranged the room, selected it because of its natural beauty.

In their clever use of color for walls, ceiling, and floors, and in their choice of furnishings with few accessories, exhibitors showed that it is possible to create an illusion of space in a small area—a problem that faces most people who live in today's small homes.



NOVEL WORK BAG and cane-topped outdoor furniture were exhibited by Mrs. Helen Stening, of Vancluse, Sydney. Cane furniture has wrought-iron bases, and the work bag is sewn into a shallow basket and decorated with intricate hand embroidery.



Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for beginners

F2750.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make men's underpants. Sizes 32in., 34in., 36in., 38in., and 40in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Barry Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4066, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2750



F2745



F2746



F2747



F2748

F2749

F2745.—Smart slim-line one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2746.—Cool, sleeveless daytime dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2749.—Dress with figure-flattering lines designed for large sizes. Sizes 38in. to 44in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2747.—One-piece with an attractively draped bodice-top and swathed waistline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2748.—Rick-rack trimmed summer dress, styled with a low-cut square neckline and gathered skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 6yds. rick-rack braid. Price, 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 522.—FEG-BAG. A roomy peg-bag obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in British headcloth. The color choice includes white, cream, lemon, blue, pink, and green. Embroider in contrasting colors in buttonhole and stemstitch. Price, 4/6. Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 523.—DUCHESS SET. An unusual shape and design for a three-piece duchesse set. The set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in Irish linen in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green; and on white and pastel organdie in blue, lemon, pink, and green. The entire set measures 11in. x 17in. and the small mats 8in. x 11in. Price, linen 7/11; postage 9d. extra; organdie 5/11; postage 8d. extra.

No. 524.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS. The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is British headcloth obtainable in white and pastel tones of blue, lemon, pink and green. Sizes: 18in. length for 2 years, 10/3; postage and registration 1/3 extra; 30in. length for 4 years, 11/3; postage and registration 1/3 extra; 22in. length for 6 years, 12/9; postage and registration 1/6 extra; 27in. length for 8 years, 12/9; postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 525.—SUN-DRESS. A sun-dress with a bow-tie shoulder-line is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is printed summer breeze cotton; the color choice includes lemon, red, green, blue, and pink, all printed with a white spot. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 32/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 34/11. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post.



524



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523

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everybody
appreciates—



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MO32

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, escape from the planet Venus and return to earth in time to save
PRINCESS NARDA: From execution when she is tried and found guilty of their murder.

A series of mysterious robberies occur. Houses vanish without leaving a trace while the owners are away on holidays. The police chief is baffled by the crimes, and calls in Mandrake to help solve the mystery. NOW READ ON:



MANDRAKE QUESTIONS THE THREE OWNERS OF HOMES THAT MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED WITHOUT LEAVING ANY TRACE...



THE MEN ARE UNKNOWN TO EACH OTHER, CHIEF. THEY HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON. ALL WERE AWAY WHEN THEIR HOUSES VANISHED—AND ALL BOUGHT THEIR TRAVEL TICKETS AT THE SAME PLACE.



Hmm--SO THAT'S THE ONLY CLUE WE HAVE--IF IT IS A CLUE. HOW COULD THIS AGENCY BE INVOLVED? AND HOW COULD ANYONE STEAL THOSE HOUSES?

I DON'T KNOW ANY OF THE ANSWERS YET, CHIEF.



--AND I WANT TO LEAVE THIS AFTERNOON FOR A WEEK'S TRIP. CAN I GET MY TICKETS NOW?

YES, SIR. MAY I HAVE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, PLEASE?



BUT WHY ARE YOU GOING AWAY NOW?

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE. I WANT THEM TO THINK I'M GONE. LOTHAR AND I WILL HIDE IN MY HOUSE TONIGHT.



THINK ANYBODY COME TONIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW, LOTHAR. IF THAT AGENCY IS INVOLVED IN THIS--SHA--WE HAVE VISITORS. NOW--MAYBE WE'LL LEARN THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY.



THE VISITORS START WORK!

THEM SAWING HOUSE? ME STOP!

NO, LOTHAR! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY DO! THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WILL REAPY US--



THE EERIE VISITORS WORK SILENTLY--WITHOUT TALKING--

SHA--THEY'RE GOING INTO THE CELLAR--TO WORK ON THE PIPES--

BUT WHY? WHAT THEM UP TO?--THE SAWING IS STOPPED--

TO BE CONTINUED

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pocket!



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NOT HALF-SAFE



Sydney, August, 1953. Betty James of Sydney says, "I like to have plenty of beans and dates, and a girl doesn't get them if she's half-safe. That's why I use a deodorant that stops my perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Kills odor instantly, safely, surely, better than anything else I've found."
How about you? Don't risk half-safe deodorants. Stop both perspiration and odor with Aroid. This new cream deodorant stops perspiration itself — keeps underarms dry and sweet. So, Aroid saves your clothes from ugly stains and clinging odor. Aroid kills odor instantly — keeps you showerbath fresh up to 48 hours. Safe for skin — safe for fabrics.
Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant — Aroid — and be sure!



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cheese,
Crunch them with
ham,
Spread them with
honey,
Or serve them with
jam.*



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